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THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE honor of being the first to explore the Hudson River undoubtedly belongs to the intrepid and unfortunate navigator whose name it bears, and he was probably the first European who beheld its shores. That distinction has been claimed for a Florentine navigator and corsair named GIOVANNI DA VERRAZZANO; but the letter which appeared under his name in 1556, the year before his death, giving an account of a voyage to the coast of North America, and its exploration from latitude 34° to 50°, is now generally admitted to be spurious, and the work probably of some one of his countrymen who was anxious to glorify an Italian discoverer. VERRAZZANO, who was of good family, found employment under France as a navigator, and became famous as a corsair against the Spaniards and the Portuguese. In 1522 he captured the treasure-ship which CORTEZ sent from Mexico, laden with the rich spoils of the Aztec capital.

When HENRY HUDSON, in the pleasant month of September, 1609, sailed up the river to some point above the mouth of the Mohawk, he was so forcibly struck by the romantic scenery of the Highlands that he called it the "River of the Mountains"—a poetic name, but unmanageable for general use. The English called it Hudson's River from the first mention of it. The Dutch gave it the name of Mauritius, in honor of Prince MAURICE of Nassau. In the latter part of the seventeenth century it became known as the North River (as it is also still called), to distinguish it from the Delaware, or South River.

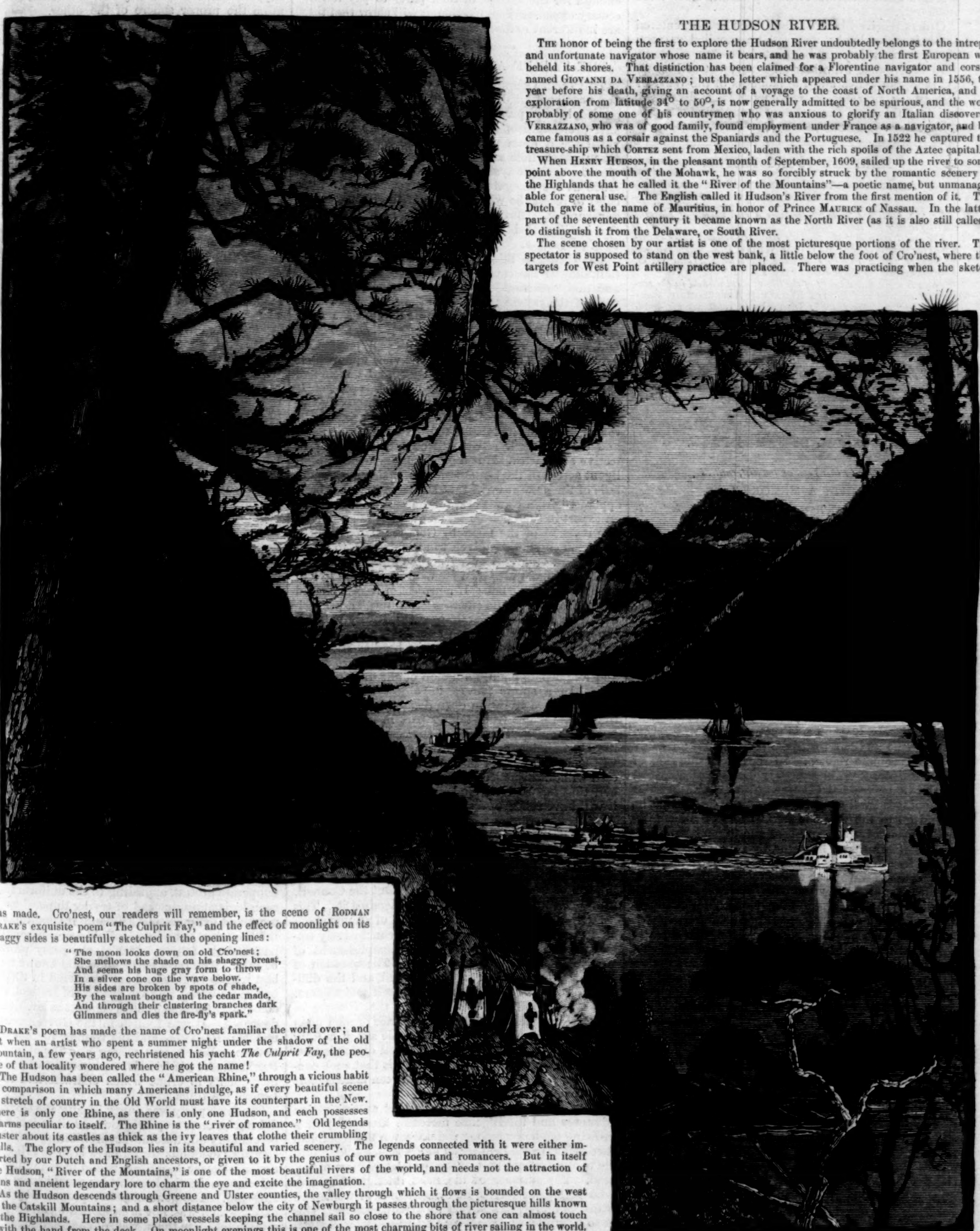
The scene chosen by our artist is one of the most picturesque portions of the river. The spectator is supposed to stand on the west bank, a little below the foot of Cro'nest, where the targets for West Point artillery practice are placed. There was practicing when the sketch was made. Cro'nest, our readers will remember, is the scene of RODMAN DRAKE's exquisite poem "The Culprit Fay," and the effect of moonlight on its shaggy sides is beautifully sketched in the opening lines:

"The moon looks down on old Cro'nest;
She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below.
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark."

DRAKE's poem has made the name of Cro'nest familiar the world over; and yet when an artist who spent a summer night under the shadow of the old mountain, a few years ago, rechristened his yacht *The Culprit Fay*, the people of that locality wondered where he got the name!

The Hudson has been called the "American Rhine," through a vicious habit of comparison in which many Americans indulge, as if every beautiful scene or stretch of country in the Old World must have its counterpart in the New. There is only one Rhine, as there is only one Hudson, and each possesses charms peculiar to itself. The Rhine is the "river of romance." Old legends cluster about its castles as thick as the ivy leaves that clothe their crumbling walls. The glory of the Hudson lies in its beautiful and varied scenery. The legends connected with it were either imported by our Dutch and English ancestors, or given to it by the genius of our own poets and romancers. But in itself the Hudson, "River of the Mountains," is one of the most beautiful rivers of the world, and needs not the attraction of ruins and ancient legendary lore to charm the eye and excite the imagination.

As the Hudson descends through Greene and Ulster counties, the valley through which it flows is bounded on the west by the Catskill Mountains; and a short distance below the city of Newburgh it passes through the picturesque hills known as the Highlands. Here in some places vessels keeping the channel sail so close to the shore that one can almost touch it with the hand from the deck. On moonlight evenings this is one of the most charming bits of river sailing in the world.



BREAKNECK MOUNTAIN, FROM THE FOOT OF CRO'NEST, HUDSON RIVER.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 139, published June 27, contains a rich variety of pleasant reading matter for small people.

The serial story of "Mr. Stubbs's Brother" becomes more amusing as the story develops; MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *tells a laughable tale of "Max Kander's Fencing Experience"; and* W. O. STODDARD *adds to the fun with "Old Light's Joke."*

There is a pathetic account of the life of a royal child in the seventeenth century, told by MRS. ELIZABETH ABERCROMBIE, *under the title of "A Little Duke";* JAMES PAYN *continues his heart-rending story of "Peril and Privation," as experienced by the ship-wrecked mariners of Wager Island;* MISS MONA NOEL PATON *concludes her story of "These My Little Ones."*

The boys will be pleased with the occupation suggested for their busy fingers by MR. A. W. ROBERTS, *under the head of "Preparing for the Fourth of July." They will also enjoy "Rome and Carthage," a Mexican game well adapted to boyish Young America.*

The illustrations of this number are unusually brilliant and attractive.

NEW SERIAL BY JAMES PAYN.

A new serial story by this popular novelist, entitled

"KIT: A MEMORY,"

will be begun in HARPER'S BAZAR *for July 22. It will be beautifully illustrated, in the style of "Marion Fay."*

A BRISK DEBATE UPON "BLOOD-MONEY."

THE odious abuse of party assessments upon employés of the government recently occasioned a brisk little debate in the House of Representatives, and furnished another illustration of the rapid progress of the question of reform. Mr. COX, of New York, and Mr. TOWNSHEND, of Illinois, energetically denounced the extortion upon the men employed in the Navy-yards. Mr. COX described the money so raised as "blood-money sucked from the veins of labor." Mr. TOWNSHEND declared that "the 'spoils system' is the foulest blot upon our boasted free institutions." Mr. KASSON said that Mr. COX was apparently more anxious to injure the Republican party than to promote reform. In reply to a question of Mr. COX, Mr. KASSON expressly disclaimed approval of the Congressional Committee's assessing circular to employés barely earning a living, and said that he would go to the extreme point short of interfering with personal rights to prevent and to punish such an abuse. He insisted, however, that every man shall be left free to give or to withhold. But Mr. KASSON is of course aware that under the present system of minor appointment by influence such freedom is impossible. No law prohibiting removal for non-payment of such an assessment, and punishing a superior officer who removes for such a reason, would really correct the abuse, because no such reason is ever alleged for removal. Reasons for removal are not required, and if they were, a plausible reason could be always given. Prohibiting removal except for good reason would be useless, because either the cause must be judged valid by the removing officer, which is the present situation, or it must be determined by a court, which is the end of subordination and efficiency in the service.

So long as subordinate appointments and employment in Navy-yards and elsewhere are due to favor, and are held to be prizes for party work, no statutory prohibition of abuses like assessments will effectually extirpate them. Such statutes are valuable, indeed, as illustrating popular condemnation of the outrage, and in concentrating attention upon the probable reason for dismissals. But they are a superficial remedy. A fixed term, as it is called, will not bring relief. In Navy-yard employments obviously there can be no fixed terms, and if there should be fixed terms for clerkships, removal must still be determined by the superior officer or by the courts, and the trouble remains. When the subordinate places cease to be party prizes, and are filled by proved competency, the abuse of assessments will disappear, because the superior officer will have no more reason to remove for non-payment than a merchant to remove his clerks.

We agree with Mr. KASSON that there are legitimate expenses to be paid by every party. But doubtless he will agree with us that every member of the party should be equally at liberty to give or to withhold, while under the present system of appointment the employés and the subordinate officers in the civil service do not enjoy that liberty. Moreover, any party whose legitimate expenses are not paid by the perfectly free gifts of its members is plainly superfluous. When Americans are in earnest in securing a national policy, they willingly supply the means. But when honest Republican voters do not care enough for the success of their party to pay the necessary expenses of an election, it will show that they are indifferent to that success.

THE TARIFF AND UTAH COMMISSIONS.

THE Tariff Commission and the Utah Commission are now appointed. The first is unfortunately regarded by the public as a device of delay. Some anti-protectionists in Congress, like Mr. BAYARD, voted for it upon the understanding that it would take up the whole subject of the tariff carefully, and report a revenue system upon sound principles, very much as the delegates to the Convention of 1787 decided to recast the whole system of the United States government. But it seems to be understood now that it will probably consider only an improved method of protection.

The theory of this expectation is that the last election showed the country to be favorable to a tariff, and that "revision" must be interpreted to mean review of the existing tariff with the object of making it both more equable and more productive. This view is held to be strengthened by the fact that Congress is Republican, and that the Republican party is a tariff party. This is evidently the view upon which the Commission has been appointed. Its members generally represent some interest which is protected, or they are supposed to be favorable to protective legislation. No suggestion of a change of principle in the structure of the tariff is to be expected from them, and probably their report will contain a strong protective argument. It is a good augury for the intelligent action of the Commission in modifying the details of the present tariff that Mr. MCMAHON has been appointed from New York, for he is an authority as an expert in such details. Meanwhile the authoritative revision of the tariff by Congress is postponed, and fresh emphasis is given to the fact that, to ascertain the real purport of legislation, greater attention must be paid to the known views of its advocates than to the letter of the act. If a project of reform should not be intrusted to its enemies "to nurse," a proposition from those enemies, however skillfully worded, can not be assumed to mean reform.

The Utah Commission has at its head ex-Secretary and ex-Senator RAMSAY, and as its powers are ample and its purpose plain, its action ought to be satisfactory. In a single phrase, its object is to prevent those who are living in open defiance of the laws of the United States from taking part in making those laws. From the necessity of the case, the powers of the Commission are extraordinary. But its action will be in full view of the country, and should it succeed without injustice in effectually dealing with the evil that has so long eluded the national authority, it will have rendered a signal public service.

WOMEN AND THE PROFESSIONS.

A RECENT vote of the members of the Massachusetts Medical Society was very strongly in favor of the admission of women to membership. But the Council, misrepresenting the Society, decided against it. This is another illustration of the survival of an unreasonable prejudice, for nothing is more conclusively settled than the great ability and accomplishment of women in the medical profession. The question of "delicacy" was raised in the Council, and the difficulty of medical discussion among men and women. But every intelligent person knows that if there be no indelicacy in the medical attendance of men upon women in cases peculiar to the female sex, it is folly to talk of it as involved in professional discussion between men and women. The truth is that such consultation is constantly going on between male doctors and women nurses and parents.

But the chief consideration is that as civilization advances and intelligence increases there is both a growing tendency among some women to accomplish themselves in medical study and a desire among others to avail themselves of the medical services of women. The number of the most intelligent women who prefer the advice and attendance of women in illness is very great and very rapidly increasing. This is so natural and becoming that the duty of medical societies and of good citizenship is to make it more feasible by providing that women shall enjoy every resource and facility of professional study. HARPER'S WEEKLY has always held this view, and experience has confirmed its wisdom. In this matter there is no magic in the fact of sex. A person is not necessarily a better physician, with surer insight, a more useful experience, a steadier nerve, because he is a man and not a woman. The laws which regulate the relation of the sexes in the various pursuits of society are instinctive. They are rooted in human nature. It used to be thought that a woman should be a pretty fool, and that education made her less lovely and feminine. But it has been discovered that intelligence and intellectual accomplishment only heighten the attraction and increase the usefulness of women as of men.

It is hard to treat gravely such action as that of the Massachusetts Medical Society, because it is not easy to understand that intelligent men still seriously suppose that the arbitrary will of one sex can determine the proper sphere of the other. Even if the Massachusetts Society oppose the efforts of women to acquire medical knowledge, it will not prevent their obtaining it. The endeavor will merely make study more inconvenient, and just in the degree that it cuts women off from knowledge it will be an injury to the community, because the society can not prevent the demand for their services. The members of the Council have only to look around them to see how steadily the old opposition is disappearing, and how every opportunity is freely opening to every honest and competent seeker. They may be very sure that if Nature does not mean that women shall be doctors, admission to membership of their society will not thwart Nature. If women do not wish to study medicine, they will not do it merely because they have an opportunity. If they do wish to study medicine and practice the healing art, can any member of the Council offer a good reason why they should not do it? or, if they should do it, why the study should not be made as easy and convenient for them as for men?

IRISH POLITICAL TACTICS.

IT has seemed to be the very cruelty of fate that the Government in England which has been most honestly desirous to help Ireland should have been denounced by the Irish leaders as tyrannical and hateful, and that at every step the Irish should have been more obstructive than the English Tories. In his second interesting letter to the *Tribune*, a letter written in admirable temper, Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY offers an explanation of this situation. He says that the Irish party decided to sit upon the opposition benches to any Ministry whatever that would not adopt the Irish policy which the Irish party approved, and it would stay in opposition until that policy was proposed. But the Irish party was bound to consider the circumstances. If it meant that it would have all that it wanted and in its own way, and that nothing less would satisfy, the position of the party was simple enough. But if it intended to procure relief for Irish grievances from a British Parliament, composed as the British Parliament is, and from a Liberal Ministry, situated as a Liberal Ministry necessarily must be, the Irish party was bound to consider what was reasonably practicable, and if it believed, as Mr. MCCARTHY says that it did believe, in the honest purpose of the Prime Minister, it was bound both to co-operate and to forbear.

The Government intended to offer a Land Bill and a Coercion Bill. Mr. MCCARTHY says that the Irish party, of course, was opposed to the Coercion Bill, but, if it must be brought forward, that the Land Bill should be presented first. This concession Mr. GLADSTONE was unable to make, for reasons which are obvious, but which we will not stop to suggest, and thereupon the Irish party went into Parliamentary obstruction, which of course could not prevail, and there has been the bitterest feeling ever since. If the Irish party had contented itself with a powerful and temperate protest, appealing to the uniform failure of such legislation, instead of trying to paralyze Parliament and exasperating England, it would have made the Coercion Act a hundredfold more unpopular, and hastened the failure of which the party professed to be sure. The Irish party knew and knows that their best friends in England are hampered in their action by the universal English distrust of Ireland, which is constantly fostered by such conduct as Mr. MCCARTHY describes. It was foolish in the Government to arrest Mr. PARNELL and his friends for constructive treason. But it was wrong and impolitic for Mr. PARNELL and his friends not to condemn plainly the incitements to crime which characterized the Land League meetings.

The Irish party was angry because the Government did not at once stop evictions. But to insist upon a peremptory and absolute act prohibiting or adequately checking evictions would have been to bring the Tories into power, because it would have implied a radical change in the laws, which would have alarmed England. The general policy proposed by the Irish party, which was, not to support the party which was most friendly to them, was, of course, under the British system, to help throw that party out of power. Such a course was inexpedient unless the Irish party was strong enough to dictate terms to both parties,

and it was not strong enough to do that. And now, just as the Government and the chief of the Land League party come into closer accord, the party itself is apparently dividing into a peasant proprietary wing and a wing to demand nationalization of the land. Mr. PARNELL represents the first and Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT the last, and it will be interesting to see how the difference will affect the American branch of the Land League.

THE CONTEST IN PENNSYLVANIA.

MR. CAMERON'S Convention in Pennsylvania met according to his directions, and after an amusing announcement by the chairman that it was not Mr. CAMERON'S Convention, nominated a candidate for Congress against Colonel MACMICHAEL, and adjourned. The members who attended were elected to a Convention which dissolved some weeks ago, and they assembled subsequently without election and without the customary authority of party usage. They were, therefore, from the party point of view, as "irregular" a body as any other chance assembly of gentlemen, and their assumption to speak for the Republicans of Pennsylvania is wholly unauthorized. The assembly represented a method of party management which has become so offensive to a very large part of the party that they have decided to risk Democratic success at the next election rather than the permanent dissolution of the Republican party in Pennsylvania.

The proposition to hold another Convention, to be elected by the rules adopted at the Philadelphia Conference, and to withdraw all nominations already made, was impracticable, for two reasons—first, there was no authority vested in any person or committee to withdraw nominations; and second, the CAMERON machine could not be trusted in a new election. The issue is now fairly joined, and it is fully understood. Shall one man, controlling large sums of public money in the form of patronage, be suffered to direct the whole party power for his own purposes, or shall the Republican voters of Pennsylvania manage the party? The situation in Pennsylvania presents, in a sharp and distinct form, the question which the spoils system sooner or later inevitably forces upon public attention, Shall the government be controlled by a ring of politicians who live upon the public money? This, it will be observed, is a situation which is recognized as necessary by Mr. DICKSON in a late number, and, as we understand him, by Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE in the current number, of the *North American Review*.

No more important question could be submitted to the country, and at no more fortunate time. Upon the real questions of the hour there is no party division, and every voter is therefore at liberty to consider the issue of party government itself which is now raised in Pennsylvania. The Republicans in that State are not asked to decide any personal question between General BEAVER and Mr. STEWART, but simply to say whether the representatives of the party shall be freely selected by the party itself, or designated by the kind of ring of which we speak. There is no question involved of the necessity of organization nor of the right of leadership. Nobody doubts that a party must be organized to be effective, and nobody denies the rightful power of legitimate leadership. But yoking is not organization, and slave-driving is not leadership. The country will await with curiosity the decision of Pennsylvania Republicans upon this question.

"ARCTIC" AND "ORIENT" SUNBEAMS.

THE sparkling humor of the Hon. S. S. COX constantly irradiates the occasional gloom of Congressional proceedings; but it is not the only distinction of his Congressional service. He is a man of various knowledge and of valuable public experience, and his speeches have often a solid worth which his invincible gayety and extreme partisanship seem to flout. If sometimes he appears to court the prejudice of the most ignorant of his constituents, and in his loyalty to party almost forgets that due to himself, his impulse is so generous and his heart so true that indignation melts into placable regret.

The bright and quick and apprehensive qualities of Mr. COX appear in the most attractive form in the two volumes of travel which he has just published through PUTNAM, *Arctic Sunbeams* and *Orient Sunbeams*. Sunbeams they truly are, bright and vivid glimpses of Europe and the East, from the North Cape to the Pyramids, with the shrewd comments of a sharp observer long trained to look at every land with the eye that is familiar with the-condition-of-the-country question, and that loves literature. More sprightly and entertaining and instructive records of rapid travel have not been published for a long time.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

IT has been long noted that the old soldiers upon both sides in the civil war were the most friendly in feeling when the war ended. There has been, indeed, a great deal of sentimental "gush" upon the subject of reunion, but nothing has been plainer than that nothing but a generous and hearty community of feeling would be the moral reunion which would show that the epoch of sectional alienation had closed.

One of the most significant signs of this reunion of sentiment was the late festival of the Grand Army of the Republic in Baltimore, at which the parade was reviewed by the President and General SHERMAN and a host of distinguished persons. The Grand Army invited the Southern soldiers to join in a fraternal demonstration, and the invitation was accepted as it was given. A noble concourse stood and marched under the midsummer sun. The Northern soldiers of every kind and color assembled from every part of the country, and were joined by the Southern men. The New England regiment that pushed its way through Baltimore by main force at the very beginning of the contest was warmly welcomed, and marched as upon roses. Northern and Southern bands interchanged melodies, and the occasion was one of the happy feasts of peace which count among renowned victories.

It seems to have been an occasion of unmingled enjoyment and satisfaction, and the Grand Army of the Republic, in promoting a genuine good understanding with its old opponents in the field, is still patriotically serving the country.

EGYPT.

IT was tolerably plain, when England and France undertook to supervise the government of Egypt, that their power must be absolute, or that a catastrophe would follow. Mussulman government and that of Western Europe could not exist together, and the revolt of ARABI Bey is not surprising. But it has plunged the country into anarchy. The actual situation can hardly be inferred even from the accounts of the scenes in Alexandria. Every little district and town is generally a petty despotism, but it is likely to become a tyranny under the relaxation of the supreme hand.

It was unwise to undertake the control of the administration of such a country without a military force large enough to overawe opposition, and which could be directed promptly upon any necessary point. This is virtually conquest, and yet it was fairly involved in the calculation. If England wished to be sure of the regular payment of the bonds, she should have taken every step to secure it, and in such a country this implies actual force. The Khedive, who was the agent of the two powers, found himself confronted by an imposing rebel, and supported only by the exhortations of his principals. Naturally, and with a due regard to his head, he practically surrendered to the rebel.

The English and French summons for the intervention of Turkey had this defect, that Turkey can not be trusted. Should the Sultan take military possession of Egypt, he can not be easily dislodged. Should he make only a feint, the situation would be worse than before. Meanwhile a sound may bring down the avalanche. At any moment there may be a general assault upon foreigners. The situation precludes speculation. We can only await events.

C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE is strictly what is called a "conservative" institution, but it feels the modern impulse, and adapts itself to the demands of the progressive age. It will, indeed, probably reflect for some time upon the proposal which has been made to it by some of the most intelligent and influential citizens to open its lecture-rooms to women. But the proposal has a powerful ally in the President of the College, and in the growing conviction that all the resources of education in a truly great school or university should be accessible to all who really desire to use them, and who will conform to the conditions.

The last forward step at Columbia is an application of the German "Privat Docent" system. This is a scheme under which graduates who have excelled in any branch of study are enabled to lecture upon that branch at one of the universities. The trustees of Columbia have established three prize lectureships in the new School of Political Science, and the lecturers are to be selected by the faculty of the school from members of the Academy of Political Science of the College who are graduates of the school, or graduates of the Law School who shall have also taken a two years' course in the School of Political Science. The appointments are to hold for three years, with the delivery of an annual course of twenty lectures, and an annual salary of $500.

Mr. ISAAC L. RICE, the President of the Academy, has been appointed lecturer on the Bibliography of History and the Political Sciences.

THE BROOKLYN LIBRARY.

THE catalogue of the Brooklyn Library is a noble volume, at once comprehensive, complete, and simple, guiding the seeker at once to the book that he would find. Such a work is one of prodigious labor, and the trustees may well say of the librarian, Mr. NOYES, who has done this great work, that he is one of the foremost in his profession in this country; and a very important profession, with very accomplished members, it is.

Ten years ago the citizens of Brooklyn subscribed $235,000, of which $180,000 was invested in the building, which is still worth that sum, and $55,000 was spent in books. The number of volumes is now about 60,000. But the library, although admirably selected, develops very slowly, and for the old reason—the want of an endowment. During the last five years only about $1500 per year has been available for books. Such a sum is inadequate for a library which wishes to be abreast of the time—as a public library must be, or fail in its great purpose. The income from annual members and rents is about $14,000, and the average necessary expenses something more.

The trustees frankly appeal for aid to make up a fund which should furnish $4000 or $5000 a year for the purchase of books. They have already a subscription of $60,000 toward a fund of $100,000, which is binding if $75,000 be subscribed by the 1st of July. Permanent memberships are given for a subscription of $500. It is a public institution of such character and value that it should not be suffered to decline or to remain half moribund. No argument is needed to show this, and we hope that the simple statement of the situation, even at so late an hour, may help secure the sum which is so nearly in the possession of the library

PERSONAL.

MRS. HANNAH HARPER, the widow of the late JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER, died on the 17th of June at her late residence in Brooklyn, the house in Clark Street which by so great a host of friends will be always most pleasantly associated with that quiet thoughtfulness and constant domestic care which made it one of the most delightful of homes. Mrs. HARPER was a woman of strong character and of deep religious feeling, the devoted wife and mother whose beautiful portrait is most fully drawn in the book that she loved best of all books. Tenderly attached to her husband, who died twelve years ago, she has lived since his death largely withdrawn from all society except that of the large circle of her family, engaged in unobtrusive good works, and awaiting tranquilly the hour that should renew forever the sweet communion which was never in life disturbed. It has come, and her memory, like that of WESLEY HARPER, will be always an inspiration and a benediction to all who knew her.

—Cincinnati does not lag in its interest in art. Mr. JOSEPH LONGWORTH, of that city, who recently gave $50,000 to the city as an endowment for an art school, proposes to give an endowment fund of $10,000 a year toward the same end, conditionally that the art department of the McMicken University, or School of Design, be transferred to the trustees of the Art Museum. Mr. LONGWORTH'S idea is to have an art school solely, and to leave the matter of instructing pupils for practical business to the Mechanics' Institute. He thinks that the School of Design having become the overshadowing feature of the university, it should be dissociated therefrom. He wants the name "School of Design" abandoned, and the "Art School of Cincinnati" substituted.

—In the way of vastness in a manufacturing establishment, nothing in the past or present can compare with the extent of Herr KRUPP'S, at Essen. Of steam-boilers he has 439; of steam-engines, 456, their aggregate horse-power being 18,500; of steam-hammers, 89; of rolling-mills, 21; of furnaces, 1556; of locomotives, 25; of machines for making tools, 1622; and the population of this working-men's city is 15,700.

—The Vice-President of the Lyons Bicycle Club has just made an extraordinary tricycle journey, accompanied by his wife, on a two-seated machine. They went from Lyons, through Nice, Genoa, and Rome, to Naples, returning *viâ* Florence and Turin—a journey of 2300 miles, at an average of fifty to sixty miles a day on the road.

—Mrs. CORNELIA A. DIKEMAN, late of Washington, bequeathed $21,000 to charitable purposes, $10,000 being to the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church.

—An epigram by EMERSON has just been made public in London. It was written in the album of a well-known firm of photographers to whom he sat for a photograph during his last English visit. When asked to write something, he without hesitation penned these words:

> "The man who has a thousand friends
> Has not a friend to spare;
> But he who has one enemy
> Will meet him everywhere."

—Mr. DARWIN was a much wealthier man than was supposed. By his will his personal property appears to be valued at nearly $750,000.

—Mrs. LANGTRY, the famous English beauty, who has recently achieved such success on the stage, has displayed talent in her extemporaneous little speeches before the curtain. Mrs. STIRLING, another celebrated English actress, is an admirable speaker, and old Mrs. KEELEY is one of the happiest wedding-breakfast orators in England. Here, since LAURA KEENE, and more recently CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, we have had no good actress orators. Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is, perhaps, now the best. Of male actors the only good speaker since BROUGHAM'S death is DION BOUCICAULT.

—Miss HELEN GLADSTONE, a daughter of the British Premier, has accepted the Vice-Principalship of Newnham College, and will enter upon her duties in October next.

—The Rev. Dr. BROWN, of Bedford, England, now travelling in this country, is a successor to JOHN BUNYAN, author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, in his pastorate, and is only the sixth minister that church has had since its organization 250 years ago.

—The Chinese government, according to a statement of a member of their legation at Washington, admit that their recalling of the Chinese students from the United States was a mistake, and that fifty students will be immediately returned for education here.

—JOHN B. ELDRIDGE, who died recently in Hartford, left to the Missionary Society of Connecticut, the Woman's Christian Association of Hartford, and the American Missionary Association of New York, for the education of the colored people of the South, $10,000 each; $20,000 to the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, South Hadley, Massachusetts; and $15,000 to Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota. After $40,000 to nephews and nieces, the residue, about $125,000, goes to the Hartford Hospital and Hartford Orphan Asylum.

—Dr. SCHLIEMANN tempers the heavy drudgery of scientific exploration by a generous diet and a liberal hospitality. He lives in an imposing marble palace at Athens, which bears on its front, above the door the inscription, in letters of gold, "Hall of Ilium." Here every other Thursday evening during the winter he entertains a hundred or more professors, journalists, and statesmen. The spacious parlors afford room for more than three hundred guests. All the decorations of the house commemorate Dr. SCHLIEMANN'S great researches. The floors are paved with Italian mosaics, the walls covered with Pompeiian frescoes and patterns of objects found at Troy and Mycenæ, and Homeric mottoes and inscriptions abound. At the family table classic Greek alone is spoken, and even the servants have classic names—the gardener is PRIAM, the porter BELLEROPHON, and the two nurses HECUBA and POLYXENA.

—Scarcely is the ink dry which recorded the munificent gift of a million by Mr. SLATER for the education of the colored people of the South than we have another splendid bequest made by Mr. PAUL TULANE, of Princeton, New Jersey, who gives $2,000,000 to the city of New Orleans for the erection and endowment of a college for the education of the white young men of New Orleans in languages, literature, science, and art. The deed of the property contained several interlineations and alterations. These annoyed Mr. TULANE, who said, "There must be no possibility of questioning this deed," and he directed new papers to be drafted which should contain no alterations. Mr. MCCONNELL had brought down a new gold pen, which Mr. TULANE used in signing away his two millions, and which is to be preserved. Afterward Mr. TULANE was photographed, holding the deed in his hand. A life-size portrait of the founder is to be painted for presentation to the college. The commissioners will proceed at once to the execution of the trust, which is said to be the largest single educational gift ever received by the city of New Orleans. Mr. TULANE has never married, and in his home has always enjoyed the society of his younger relatives. One of his nephews, PAUL TULANE, Jun., who formerly lived with him, at present lives in Jersey City. Mr. TULANE'S wealth, aside from his property in New Orleans, is very great. One single item is said to be an investment of half a million in the stock of the United Railways of New Jersey, leased by the Pennsylvania Railway, and guaranteed ten per cent. Although a deep thinker, and possessing a fine library as well as many pictures in his home, Mr. TULANE never received a collegiate education, but gained his early instruction in the common schools of his native town.

"'REMEMBER, MY DEAR, THAT HERE, AT MON DÉSIR, THERE IS ONE MAN WHO LOVES YOU ALWAYS.'"

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1330, Vol. XXVI.]

"SO THEY WERE MARRIED."

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

Authors of "The Golden Butterfly," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "When the Ship Comes Home," etc.

PART I.—MON DÉSIR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HUNTING OF THE GOURAMI.

"Let us first," said the Secretary, the only one who had been taking any part in the preparations, "wake up the Padre. He, too, must go with us."

He was awakened with some difficulty, and at first exhibited temper, and refused to join the expedition. However, he was young, and not to go might seem like showing a white feather unworthy of an Oxford athlete. Besides, the sport was the gentle and harmless one of angling. Therefore the poor innocent, though with misgiving, put on his broad felt hat, and once more adjusted his white muslin puggrey and was ready.

When the Professor had been led forth from his hiding-place, and had been told that he, too, must go, and that resistance would be unavailing, the party was complete, the only man left behind being Ferrier, who had no taste for sport of any kind outside an English preserve. He suggested that the Major should stay behind with him and while away the heat of the day with a little écarté, or vingt-un for two—a very pleasing method of losing money. But the Major refused, and went off with the rest.

First marched Tom, important, because he was the leader or captain of the *chasse aux gouramis*. Next came the Indian boys, carrying the gear; then followed, with a rueful countenance, the captive Professor, grimly remembering the fatigues on a certain occasion a year ago, and devoutly wishing that the sport was over; after him the Padre, the long skirts of the only clerical coat left him flapping about his legs, and his white puggrey streaming behind the broad black hat; and then the Assistant Colonial Secretary, with a sweet smile upon him as he contemplated that broad hat and those flapping skirts, and thought of what awaited the owner of those garments. It was the hottest time in the year; in the shade the thermometer would be about ninety; in the sun anything you please. Yet there was a gentle breeze or stir in the air from the south, whence cometh the breath of the Antarctic, warmed upon its way, yet cool still and fresh, when it floats across the hot and tropical twenties.

"In the ravine," said the Professor, in order to encourage the Padre, "there will be no breeze at all; the rocks catch the heat and hold it till strangers come; then they give it out, and the stranger is as grateful as you will be presently. It will be like the hot room in the Turkish bath—that room, I mean, where, if you want breakfast, you take the materials in raw and hold them in your hand till they are cooked. Last year we brought some tiffin with us—eggs, you know, and bread, and some slices of ham; we put them on a stone just for a few minutes while we went into a pool after the gouramis. When we came back the eggs were hard boiled, the bread was toast, and the rashers of bacon were done to a turn."

"I wish," said the Padre, "that I had left my waistcoat at home."

"If you had been well advised," said the Professor, whose only fault was a want of reverence for sacred things, "you would have come on this expedition in your surplice, and nothing else."

Presently they came to the break-neck way down the cliff, down which they all scrambled except these two, and they went ignominiously round by a longer and safer way. "What boots it," asked the Professor, "to save ten minutes if you break your neck?"

When they joined the party the Padre observed with surprise that they were all undressing. Further, that the Professor, with a sigh, also began to shed his garments, and that he himself was expected to do the same thing. He realized the meaning of the irreverent suggestion about his surplice when he received a little maillot of colored cotton, such as Frenchmen use to swim in. And he began almost to wish that he had not joined the expedition. In a few minutes the whole party were arrayed in this primitive dress, in which and their helmets and hats, and nothing else, they began walking along the hot bowlders, under and among which the stream was brawling on her way.

The streams of Palmiste are all alike: they rise in the hills and they run into the sea, through ravines beneficently provided by Nature for the purpose. If there were no ravines, they would have to tumble, in break-neck fashion, over precipices. As it is, they gracefully roll, run, leap, babble, roar, prattle, fall, hasten, or linger on their way, through most beautiful valleys, sometimes deep, sometimes shallow; sometimes broad, sometimes narrow; sometimes with perpendicular faces of rock, and sometimes with sloping sides, clothed with hanging wood. Sometimes the bottom of the ravine consists of great rounded bowlders, and one has to get along by jumping from one to the other. At first this is fatiguing, until you get into the swing of it. Sometimes there is a broad flat bottom, covered over and piled with bowlders; sometimes the ravine closes quite in, and the stream runs noisily between the rocky walls of a narrow way; sometimes the water dashes over the stones, forming hundreds of tiny cascades; sometimes it glides under them, and is invisible for half a mile or so, though the dense growth on either hand speaks of the water below; sometimes it widens out and forms lashers, pools, or basins; and sometimes it leaps over a cliff and becomes a waterfall, dazzling, feathery, like diamond spray. And everywhere, except on the face of the rock, trees: such trees as one may dream of; palms of every kind—the date-palm, the cocoa, the raphia, the traveller's tree, the aloe with its long mast, the fragrant acacia, the tamarind, and a hundred others, whose names one knows not. In the shade under the trees and hidden behind the rocks are ferns, such as one may not hope to see in any other country, and on the branches of the trees are orchids for those who have eyes to see and knowledge to understand.

The ravine on that hot January day was very silent, winding in and out, growing deeper as it approached the sea. A few bo's'n-birds called to each other flying across from rock to rock; you could hear, perhaps, the chatter of monkeys in the trees. But there was no other sound. The place is so far away from the steps of man that a visitor who should chance to slip and fall might lie there until he died, and long after, without being found. For many miles of its course no one ever goes there, except at rare intervals, when Tom brings his friends to fish for gourami, or when he strolls down in the afternoon with a gun on the chance of a shot. The coolies, an incurious folk, have no occasion to go there; the negroes are afraid of ghosts; and, of course, no one except an Englishman would venture into those hot and stifling

depths at high noon of the New Year, with the sun straight overhead glaring into all kinds of nooks and crannies where, save at such seasons of vertical advantage, ray of sun can never enter. The men were barefooted, and presently the Padre began to understand the Professor's allegory of the hard-boiled eggs. He was very hot, in spite of his scanty apparel; he asked himself, with shame, what certain people at home, who thought greatly of his missionary zeal, would say if they saw him now; he was tired with the early morning walk; his feet were blistering; his legs ached with the perpetual leaping from stone to stone; his shins were bruised with frequent falls.

Said the Professor, softly:

"Last year a man came here who was unaccustomed to walking on red-hot stones. We carried him up again after a while, but he has never recovered the use of his feet, and now goes on crutches."

Then he was silent, and the Padre began to think there might be some truth in it.

But their leader called a halt, and everybody, while the preparations were being made, sat down with his feet in the water.

They were arrived at a most beautiful pool, about forty feet long and twenty broad. Great trees hung over the water, and splendid *lianes*, with stems as thick as the trunk of a good-sized English oak, spread out long arms, octopus fashion, to throttle and destroy the trees which they embraced. They began—those who understood the method—by lowering the net carefully into the water at the upper end. When all was ready, the Professor, with a groan, took up his position in the middle, while Tom placed himself at one end and the Secretary at the other. These three were places of honor assigned to those who were most at ease in the water, and presently they were all swimming slowly down the pool, joined by the others. It was a sweet and a beautiful sight to see the spectacles of the Professor glittering under his helmet as he went through the task, without enthusiasm, yet conscientiously; and the broad hat of his Reverence shading an anxious face, because he was not happy about his feet, and because the proceedings seemed to lack the dignity proper to the cloth; and the red face of the Major, and the delight of the Pink Boy in the coolness of the water. Presently Tom handed over his

he now had to dive down and bring up the fish, taking only as many as they wanted, picking out the big ones, and throwing the young fish back again into the pool. Meantime, those who were not actively employed sat on the edge of the pool with their feet in the water and waited. It was a good haul; but Tom said that they must have one more cast of the net, and that the next likely pool was not more than a quarter of a mile down the stream. He set off, leading the way, as before. The rest followed meekly, with the exception of the Professor, who beckoned the Padre and made a gesture of silence.

When the procession had disappeared beyond the next bend of the rocks, he rose and asked his Reverence if he wished to play that game any more.

"I—I—certainly think that we have had enough."

"Then come back with me. We will put on our clothes, and we will go cameron fishing instead."

"Have we not had enough fishing for one day?" The Padre thought of those awful stones and his blistered feet, and remembered the cool veranda.

"WHEN THEY MET AT DINNER A CERTAIN SADNESS WEIGHED UPON THEIR MINDS."

end of the net to the McAndrew and disappeared. After remaining under the water for about five-and-twenty minutes or so, during which time he was adjusting the net at the bottom, he came up again. At this point the Professor, catching sight of the Padre's nose just out of the water, under the shade of his beautiful broad hat, began to laugh silently, and communicated a shivering to the net, so that Tom thought it was one of the eels, in length from ten to forty feet, for which the rivers of Palmiste are so famous, and went down again to investigate.

By slow degrees and with great care the net was hauled along the whole pool and pulled in at the end. Then Tom's responsibilities began again. For

The Professor hastened to explain:

"We shall not take off our clothes for cameron fishing; nor shall we jump about on red-hot bowlders; and we sha'n't walk at all. It is a lazy sport. We shall sit under the shadiest place we can find, higher up, where there is a little air. I will teach you how to fish. I never catch any myself, but I know the way other people catch them; and perhaps you will be more lucky."

"All this seems a dreadful waste of time, does it not?" asked the man fresh from Oxford.

"You have only been a month in Palmiste," said the Professor. "After a little you will discover that you *can't* waste time here. There's no such thing as wasting time, unless, indeed, you throw it away on reading. Out here we are irresponsible. Life goes by, I suppose, because there is a cemetery; but you don't feel as if it was ever going to end. There is no use trying to do any work. Nobody will ever be improved; nobody wants to be improved. It is warm and sunny—what more can a man want?"

"If I thought that," said the Padre, "I would go straight back to England and find Work. Why, it was because I

thought I should find my Work here that I came."

The Professor smiled. "That is the language of the schools. I know it."

"Would you have me," asked the young clergyman, hotly—"would you have me take this post in order to sit down in shady places and catch—what do you call them?"

"Wise men sit down and meditate," said the Professor. "Talk to the Squire; he never reads much, yet he is as wise as Solomon. Restless men buzz about, and shove, and push, and call it work. Do you know the story in Rabelais about the work of Diogenes?"

"I do not read Rabelais," said his Reverence, coldly.

"Poor man! Never mind. There was a civil Chaplain here until lately who was a miracle of laziness. Yet he always went on talking about his Work, with a capital W, you know, just as you do. It is very good to begin with, and the habit remains."

"I hope the habit will remain."

"It will—it will. But the thing will vanish. I am going home myself before long, because I am one of the restless men, and want to work. It is very foolish of me, and I am sure I ought rather to stay. Never mind. Let us go catch the cameron. Then we will find our way home and sit on the veranda till it is time to dress for dinner, and eat letchees and talk to Virginie. I have known her ever since I came here, which is now four years ago; and I am in love with her, as you will be before long—very likely you are already—you need not blush, because it does you credit—and I am deuced sorry she has got that fellow for a cousin."

"Why?" asked the Padre.

"Why? Because—because I do not like him."

They had their cameron fishing. The Professor led the way to a quiet little stream above the ravine, where there was shade. Here he cut a long thin branch of a willow-like tree and tied to the end of it a running noose, made of the thin and strong tendril of the *liane*. "Now," he said, "you do likewise. Go and sit on that stone there, and I will sit here. All you have to do is to keep quiet. When you see a cameron marching along, pit-a-pat, suspecting nothing, hook your noose over his tail. Then nip him up, and he is caught. It is quite easy to do it, though I have never been able, with all my efforts, to catch a single one."

"What is a cameron like, when you do see him?"

"He is about six inches long, and he is black, and he looks like a cray-fish or big prawn. He is good enough to boil a beautiful red, and he lends himself to curry, or you can eat him boiled. He isn't proud. Now go and catch him."

The Professor was short-sighted, consequently he never saw any camerons at all. But he sat very patiently, with his noose in the water and the camerons playing about the harmless trap in dozens; and he meditated.

"She will be a great heiress"—this was the staple of his reflections—"that cousin of hers will be a lord; very likely he will want to marry her; and she ought to marry Tom, because she loves him; next to Tom, and if I could make up my mind to murder Tom, she ought to marry me, because I love her. And her money would set the Captain's estate on its legs again. Poor old man! Half a hurricane this year and down he goes! . . . Halloo! Padre, old man, wake up. It's half past five, and instead of catching camerons you've gone to sleep again. I haven't caught any myself, but I've had some splendid misses. Let us go and talk to Virginie."

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE MAIL CAME IN.

This New-Year's Day was considered by the Mon Désir party as in no way differing from any other New-Year's Day. As usual, there was open house so far as the resources of the establishment allowed: so many beds, so many sofas, so many mattresses, so many guests. They came, they feasted, talked, sang, and rejoiced; there was abundance of talk, with the popping of corks innumerable; there was the prettiest girl in the whole island to court, compliment, and tease. When the brief holiday was over they all went away again to their respective work. That is what happened every New-Year's Day. All things in Palmiste go on as if they were to last forever, or to recur forever on the usual day. And certainly no one could have suspected that a time so festive, gay, and irresponsible would bring with it the cause of a revolution—nothing short of a revolution—for the lives of half the people in the party.

When the Professor, after the fruitless hunt for cameron, sought the veranda of the house, he perceived, being with his spectacles nearly as good as other people without, that something had happened or was about to happen.

First of all, the English mail was in, and there was present the Captain of the mail himself, who had just come out, and was sitting in great contentment in one of the easiest of the chairs. The Squire, whose face was troubled, was holding a letter in one hand and the *Home News* in the other. First he read the letter through, then he read a page or two of the newspaper, then he turned to the letter again, and then he went back to the paper; evidently he was thinking more of the letter than of the printed page. The two elder ladies sat, with tears in their eyes, holding each a hand of Virginie, who stood before them, pale and troubled, as if she was going to be offered up in sacrifice. What could be the matter? Captain Ferrier stood apart, with a small packet of open letters in his hand, occupied with his own thoughts, and they seemed as gloomy as those which had distorted his features in the early morning.

Something was certainly going to happen. As a rule, the excitement of the mail lasts from the first appearance of the signals on the Signal hill until the issue of the slip into which the news of the whole month is condensed by the Editor of the *Commercial Gazette*. This summary, which is all that any one wants to see, varies in length from four inches to six inches and a half. Think of getting your news for a whole month condensed into six inches of letterpress! All the great people in the world, the Bismarcks, and the Gladstones, and the Gambettas; all the ministers, statesmen, generals, Parliament men, eloquent speakers, persuasive preachers, convincing writers, mischievous demagogues, restless agitators, misleading-article men, poets, prigs, dramatists, historians, novelists, actors, artists, Big Rag, Little Tag, and Bobtail—all over the habitable globe toil and moil with the utmost diligence for four weeks in every human tongue, and the result of the whole can be boiled down into a six-inch slip! And even that does not prove that the world has been advanced by one-sixth of the length of that slip. The monthly spectacle of a whole world feverishly busy, and doing nothing, is of itself, without considering the climate, sufficient to account for the philosophic calm and resolute inaction of the Palmiste natives. "Why all this care?" they say. "Nothing comes of it. Only sometimes knocking of heads together; tumults, broken bones, revolutions, and wars, with loss of property and triumph of the wrong side. Sit down, neighbors, and let us tell each other pleasant stories, and make merry while we may, until the night falls, when we are fain to go to sleep."

The perusal of the slip finished, the excitement instantly dies away. Everybody reads the same papers—the *Overland Mail*, the *Home News*; some go so far as to read the *Saturday Review* and *Punch*, or the *Spectator*, or the *St. James's Budget*. But they are few; therefore, since no one can boast of any information but that which is open to his neighbors, there is no inducement to talk politics; and since no more information can come for a whole month, there is no inducement to speculate.

The captain of the mail-steamer arrived, then, about four of the clock, bringing with him the monthly packet of letters and papers for the whole party.

"I heard," he said, "who was out here, and I waited for the post to be opened, and so brought all their letters, as well as yours, Captain Kemyss. And how goes it with you and yours, and how is the pretty maid?"

He had been on the line a good many years, and Virginie was still for him his pretty maid, and he was a privileged guest at Mon Désir, to come and go as often as he pleased and was able. Then he sat down and rested while the letters were read.

There were two for Captain Kemyss—his correspondence with the mother country, after so many years of exile, had dropped by degrees, and was now almost reduced to nothing; one for Madame Ferrier—a very unusual circumstance; one for Virginie, who had never had a letter from England before; five or six for Captain Ferrier; two for the Professor; half a dozen for the Padre; a pile for the others; and a vast quantity of newspapers, *Punches*, monthly magazines, books, and pamphlets for everybody.

The first of the two letters which Captain Kemyss opened was from a certain cousin of his, a country gentleman of the Midland counties, and was respecting Tom. "My advice," said the writer, "is to keep the boy where he is. Let him stick to the thing that he knows. As for sugar-planting being precarious, it has kept you for thirty years, and I dare say it will keep him. England is not a good country just now, especially for men like me, who have a dozen farms on their hands;" and so on—and so on—a letter which does not concern us.

Captain Kemyss laid it down with a sigh. He had hoped that perhaps some chance might have been found for Tom when the crash, so long imminent, should come at last. Then he took up the other letter, which was in a writing strange to him. When, now a dozen years and more agone, his guardianship of Virginie began, there was a second guardian, also one of Captain Ferrier's brother officers, who had sold out and was then living at Southsea. It was understood that he was to hold an honorary office, and that the child would continue to live with her mother at Mon Désir, while Captain Kemyss managed her estate. So honorary was the office that the acting guardian had almost forgotten the existence of his coadjutor, and had not even learned that he was dead.

The letter was from his widow, and was as follows:

"Dear Sir,—As the widow of your old friend and brother officer, one who was associated with you in the office of guardian to Miss Ferrier, I trust I need no introduction or excuse for addressing you."—"So Jack is dead, is he," said the reader, stopping to look at the signature. "Poor Jack! I had almost forgotten him."—"Circumstances have not allowed me, until lately, to offer any hospitality to my ward, if I may call her so. I am now, however, I rejoice to say, at last in a position to discharge one at least of the duties accepted for me by my late husband."—"He married—I heard that he married—I forget who she was," said the Squire, stopping again at this point to recall things, "somebody of good family, I know—and she had expectations. Let me see. They were hard up when I heard last—lived in a cottage at Southsea; that must have been twelve years ago. Then Jack died, I suppose, and she's come into the money at last. I suppose that is what she means." He went on with the letter:

"I believe that our dear Virginie—or Lucie—forgive me if the name has escaped my memory—must now be seventeen years of age. I hear from the Colonel of the 180th, just returned from your lovely island, that she is perfectly charming and perfectly beautiful. I have also learned, to my great satisfaction, that you have so well nursed her estate that she is now a considerable heiress. Now, my dear Sir, do you not think it would be a great pity that this young lady, while she is still young, with her affections free, should not come to England and make acquaintance with her own people? I have the honor of knowing Miss Ferrier. I was talking on this subject to her on the last occasion of meeting her. I am happy to inform you that she expressed herself in the kindest manner concerning her unknown cousin, and will, I am sure, show her all the attention when she comes home that she can desire or expect. As for me, I do not disguise the fact that I should like to have a young and beautiful girl staying with me, partly because it is pleasant to have young and pretty faces about one, and partly because they make a house attractive and bring people about one. Others may hunt for lions; it is my principle, my dear Captain Kemyss, that men care more for lionesses. When I get my fair Creole in my drawing-room I shall not let her go in a hurry.

"As regards matrimonial prospects, you may entirely trust me. I will stop the first sign of a flirtation in the very bud, unless the man is thoroughly what you have a right to expect. There are not so many men of the right kind in this town, especially since the terrible blight that has fallen upon land-owners; yet there may be some. Of course I know there are many dangers which beset a girl of fortune or expectations. London is always abounding in penniless adventurers—literary men, subalterns, younger sons, and even curates—who are longing to marry an heiress and hang up their hats and sit down idle for life. But they shall not get near our Virginie. I will surround her, my dear Captain. I will be like a hollow square with fixed bayonets, until the right man approaches, and then I will be a benevolent Fairy. Of course, with a girl of good—almost of noble—birth, who has none but good relatives—I think I have heard that her mother belongs to the House of Desmarets d'Auvergne—who has also a great and productive sugar estate—with, the Colonel said, a hundred and twenty thousand pounds, but perhaps that is too good to be true—should look very high indeed. There is nothing to which she may not aspire to, though if we dream of a coronet we should be sober; our thoughts ought not to run higher than an earl or a viscount. However, I will do my best. Character, of course, as well as position, should be carefully inquired into.

"I have written honestly to you, because if you were really a private friend of my late husband you must be a man of the world. I frankly think that my offer is a good one, and that in the interests of the girl you ought not to refuse it. If her mother lives, my invitation will extend to her; but, on the whole, I sincerely think it will be better that the child should come alone, and acquire, by living entirely among English people, the ideas, the air, and the tone of English society.

"I hope to have a favorable answer by return mail. I am ready to receive my charge to-morrow, if she can come. If a chaperon can be found, the arrival of my ward in person would be the most favorable reply possible.

"I remain, dear Captain Kemyss,
"Yours, very sincerely,
"Laura Hallowes."

The Squire read this frank and plain-spoken letter through twice. The tone of it struck his ears, long unfamiliar with the world of fashion, discordantly. His ward was to go to London, and stand in the matrimonial market with other girls, saying, "Behold me! I am rich, beautiful, young, of gentle birth. I will take a coronet in exchange for myself." Yet the letter was honest; also, the invitation was one which ought not to be lightly refused. It was right that the girl should go to England; it was part of her education. She ought, as Mrs. Hallowes suggested, to make the acquaintance of her own people; she ought to go while yet young, with her affections free. And at this point he said, with a sigh, "Poor Tom!" and read the letter again. Evidently the letter of a woman of society—of the world; and probably a woman who would make social capital out of her rich young heiress. Yet what harm would that do Virginie?

At this point he folded the letter and raised his eyes. A singular pantomime was going on.

First, his own wife took a letter from Madame Ferrier's hands, and read it. Then both ladies and Virginie gazed upon each other in a kind of stupor. Then Madame Ferrier held out her arms, and the girl fell into her maternal embrace.

"Child," murmured the mother, "can I let thee go? So soon? So soon?"

"Sibylle," said her friend, speaking the language of her youth, "we must let her go. It is for the child's own good; we are two simple Creole ladies, who have never left the island and never shall. But Virginie has English cousins; she must visit her father's country; she should learn to love his home. Virginie, child of my heart, what sayest thou?"

"What can I say?" she replied. "Oh! what can I say?"

"It was thy father's wish, my dear," her mother went on. "He spoke continually of taking thee to England when thou wast *grandie*."

"It is I," said her guardian, "who should have thought of it. My dear, the time has passed so swiftly that I forgot you were grown up. I ought to have remembered that it was due to you that you should go home for a while—for a while," he repeated. "We must let you go." He took her hands and bent over her, with his kindly smile. "We can not bear to part with you, my dear; but, if your mother consents, we must let you go. May I see those letters?"

One of them was from Mrs. Hallowes to Madame Ferrier, conveying to her the same invitation as she had made to Captain Kemyss, but in different terms. For she said nothing about society or matrimonial projects and ambitions; but dwelt upon the advantage to the young lady of seeing England, and spoke of her own as a quiet home among a circle of quiet friends; and she also dwelt upon the advantages to be derived in the way of music, art, and so forth.

"She must be indeed," thought the Squire, "a woman of the world."

The other letter was from Virginie's second cousin, Maude, daughter of Lord Ferrier and sister of the man on the veranda who was scowling over his letters. It was a very short letter, but kindly:

"Dear Cousin" (she wrote),—"I learn from Mrs. Hallowes, one of your guardians, that she has invited you to pay a visit to England next year. I sincerely hope that your mother may let you come, even if she does not herself accompany you. Remember that you have cousins who would like to make your acquaintance.

"Your father was at school with mine, his first cousin. I have heard a great deal about you and your beautiful country home already from my brother, and I assure you that I look forward to making your acquaintance with a very great deal of pleasure. We spend most of our time at The Towers, but generally have two months in London. Wherever we are, when you are able to leave Mrs. Hallowes, come and stay with us, as soon as you can.

"Your affectionate cousin,
"Maude."

These were the three letters which fell like so many bombs into the peaceful veranda on that sunny afternoon. And this it was which, when the Professor arrived, was making his host read the *Home News* with eyes which read, indeed, but saw not, and turned again to the letter.

"A coronet," he murmured; "but why not? Poor Tom! Yet, would it have been right—would it have been honest—to take advantage of her innocence and ignorance before she knows the world? Let her go. And Tom must take his chance. A poor chance, indeed! Rank against rusticity; fashion against fidelity; the lover of the town against the sweetheart of the country."

Virginie's cousin, meanwhile, had opened two letters. One of them was from his sister. He read it hurriedly, and crammed it into his pocket as if it made him angry. What it said was this:

"Dearest Guy,—I hear from two or three people who know, or ought to know, that our Creole cousin is rich, young, and beautiful. Also that she has manners which would fit her for any station. And that she is coming home to stay with a woman who wants her, I believe, as a help to get on in society. The woman, however, is very well, and will take the girl to good houses. I have taken notice of her *for your sake*—mind, *for your sake*—and because such a woman may, in certain cases, be very useful to you. Now, Guy, be reasonable. You tell me that you are in desperate straits. It is now six years, or thereabouts, since these desperate straits began. I do not reproach you; but I remind you that you have had, not only your own allowance, but all my money, and all that she could persuade my father to add. He does not know of these straits; if he did he would ask you how they are caused. *I do know*, Guy. Again, I do not reproach you. I will even go on trying to help you, though I know that every ten-pound note we get for you will only go the same way as its predecessor. Now, consider carefully. When you were at home last summer I caught an heiress and got her here on purpose for you to meet her. You remember her. She was not, I own, in the least degree beautiful; nor was she clever at all; and I did not expect that you would fall in love with her; but she was rich and she was amiable, and she was ready to fall in love with you. And men in desperate straits can not always marry anybody they please. But you would not have her, although you were in such straits. Now, here is this other girl. Come home immediately, on urgent private affairs. Come home, if you can, in the same steamer with her; make fierce love to her all the way home; when she goes to Mrs. Hallowes's let it be with your engaged ring on her finger. When you get her money you can pay off your creditors, even if you only begin a fresh course of madness. There, Guy; that is all I can do for you at present. I have only to add that the times are bad for everybody who has got land, and therefore for us. And it is not the least use expecting any farther assistance from your father, or from your affectionate sister, Maude."

"Then," murmured the young man, "how the devil is Morgan's I O U to be taken up?"

The other letter was written in a less clerkly hand, and there were occasional misspellings in it. And it was this letter which made the young man scowl.

"I told you, Guy," it began, without any polite or conventional endearments of speech—"I told you that I would let you know from time to time what I am doing and how I am doing. Very well, then. I am doing very well. And so is the boy. He is not like you, I am glad to say, as yet; in face he takes after me and his grandfather, the scene-shifter, who was once a very handsome man; and I hope he will never become like you in any single respect. And, as I am not quite a lady myself, though more so than when you knew me, I have got a girl who *is* a lady to act as his governess and companion. By the time the child grows up and can compare, I shall, I dare say, have become more like a lady, because I do not want him ever to be ashamed of his mother. An actress I am, and shall remain. Ten pounds a

week, my gallant Captain, your wife draws. She's got her marriage lines safe; but nobody knows that she's the Honorable Mrs. Ferrier. Biz is first-rate. We have got a piece good for six hundred nights, and the ghost walks regular. Portraits of your wife are sold wherever she goes—character-portraits, looking in the glass, tying a handkerchief round her head, in a riding-habit—all sorts—and she gets letters, offers of marriage, bouquets, and applause, and everything which the heart of an actress can desire. So that she is quite happy. And the boy is so beautiful that she does not so very much repent having fallen in your way. And, as for his rights, why, whatever you do you can't gamble them away. I do not want ever to see you again, nor to hear from you. The Army List will tell me where you are, which is all I want to know. And, on the least attempt at interference with my boy, we go to The Towers—accompanied by our own people, the respectable scene-shifter—and we see my lord, and we introduce the daughter-in-law and the grandchild. It is a good situation, and I think I should play it rather well. I remain, your wife, not at all affectionate, Violet Lovelace—it is a swell name, and I found it in the 'Court Guide'—but it is not so good as my own real name, which is, as you very well know, Emily Ferrier."

When Captain Ferrier had got through the whole of this epistle, which did not take long, he fell into a study, in which everything became a nocturne—an arrangement in black. He was roused by the arrival of the Professor, against whom, for some unknown reason, he had conceived a violent and irrational hatred. He glared at him for a moment, and then strode hastily away. First he walked along the avenue of palms, and when he got to the end of it he swore aloud; then, by way of distraction, he went to the stable to look at his horse, and swore again, and if his syce had been in the place it would have been bad for that poor Indian. But he was not. The man was at the moment with the old Witch of Endor bargaining for a charm which should slowly poison a horse, so that no one would suspect what was the matter with him, and an honest groom should not get into trouble. The terms of the transaction were amicably arranged, and the charm, which was to take the form of a little something to pour among the oats, was promised, on condition that this estimable person should pay for it beforehand—because he could write—in forged passes, by means of which the old woman afterward made much money, and helped many of her friends to deceive the police.

We may here observe that, among the many things which once done can not be recalled, perhaps the most fatal is such a thing as Guy Ferrier did when he was just twenty-one years of age, being then a young gentleman of very headstrong disposition, and fully determined upon having all he wanted, at any cost. He had always from childhood acted upon this principle, and it made him so popular at school, that when he left the boys proposed to have fire-works. In the army he continued to act on the same settled principle, being now quite certain that he deserved to have all he wanted; and he was so much beloved, therefore, that when it became known, directly after the arrival of this mail, that Ferrier was going home on urgent private affairs—presumably the raising of money to pay his debts of honor—his brother officers so far sympathized with him as to give thanks unanimously that he was going to enjoy a holiday. It was upon this principle, also, being at the moment consumed and inflamed with passion, that, at the age of twenty-one, he entered secretly into the bonds of holy wedlock with a certain "young person" named Emily Hicks. She was quite young, extremely pretty, quick, and clever, well able to take care of herself, almost uneducated, the daughter of a scene-shifter or "carpenter" and "general service" theatrical man, and she was just commencing a dramatic career, which now promised to be distinctly successful, when this thing happened to her.

The interruption to her professional pursuits lasted rather more than a year. She then returned to Daddy Perigal, and informed him that for the future she should never again speak to her husband, nor take money from him, nor in any way own him; that she should go back to the stage in her first-assumed name; but, for the sake of the child, whom she brought with her, whose rights must be watched, she would assume her legal name when the boy should be grown up. She therefore returned to the stage under her old acting name, and began to work just as hard as if she were still really Emily Hicks, with her future before her, instead of the Hon. Mrs. Ferrier, a woman married and done for.

As for her husband, he went his own way, and contrived, as a rule, to forget her existence, except when he was reminded of it by such a letter as he had just read, or by his sister's well-meant attempts to find him an heiress. Between himself and an heiress there always stood this woman and her boy. At first he suffered from great apprehensions that she would communicate with his own people. As she did not, he gradually recovered confidence in her word. He could not marry—that was true; but then he did not want to marry. The goddess of Chance was the only bride he cared to worship; some day, most certainly, if Emily lived and the boy lived, there would be a row. Meanwhile, so long as she let him alone, he troubled himself little about her. When his thoughts were turned upon her by such letters as he had just received, he realized how bitterly he hated the woman.

"We are going to have a sad change, Professor," said Captain Kemyss. "Virginie is to leave us and to go to England."

"Virginie will go away?" This was indeed a change.

"Yes; she had another guardian besides myself, though I had almost forgotten it; she is invited, and we think we ought to let her go: we hope it will not be for long. But who knows? who knows?"

There were letters, too, for the Professor. Among them one which seemed to cause him much agitation.

"Come home at once," it said, among other things. "The longer you stay away, the more difficult will it be for you to get what you want. Come, and you shall join the ranks of the penniless adventurers and make a spoon or spoil a horn."

When they met at dinner a certain sadness weighed upon their minds. The dinner was silent; for now they all knew what was going to happen, and that the party would be broken up, never, perhaps, all to meet again. Virginie was going to England—the child who had grown up among them. Why, McLoughlin, McAndrew, and the Secretary had seen her every New-Year's Day, and plenty of days between, for seventeen years; they had watched her pass from infancy to childhood; she grew slowly, before their eyes, from a girl, imperfect, bony, angular, to a woman, perfect, rounded, marvellous. She was the joy of the house—the great and chief attraction of Mon Désir. There was no one like her in the island. And now she was to go. What—what would the place be without her?

In Palmiste one is accustomed to seeing people come and go. The officers of the garrison, naturally, are constantly changing; the Governor changes every six years or so; the chiefs of the Civil Service are always changing; and partners and clerks of mercantile houses are perpetually coming out and going home again, to say nothing of those who succumb to the extraordinary thirstiness of the place, and go prematurely to their long home. Therefore, no one was surprised to learn that Captain Ferrier was called home on urgent private affairs.

With the Professor it was different; he was liked by many; he had been in the colony four or five years, and was regarded, though wrongly, as a permanent resident. He was an eminently cheerful soul; he played a fair hand at whist; he had at times a mordant tongue, and was good at the repression of those who, in Palmiste or elsewhere, endeavor to assert themselves overmuch; and he had a great fund of information and anecdote, by means of which he could enliven the dinner tables of the plain honest Scotch folk who mostly make up the civil society of Palmiste. It was rumored that he wrote—no one knew what; men who had lived with him knew that he possessed, hidden away in drawers, a quantity of MSS.; that he had been known to extract one, now and then, and to read it for the benefit of his friends; so that, when the news fell upon them that he too was going, it was felt that his intention was to go home in order to publish those MSS. or write more.

The dinner languished. The talk was forced. The Pink Boy told about the gourami fishing; the Padre recounted some of his sufferings on the bowlders; and the Professor narrated his fruitless *chasse* of the camerons; but the Squire was dejected, the two elder ladies sad, Virginie anxious and restless, and Tom downcast. After dinner the Squire filled his glass and gave his usual New-Year's toast.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I drink to all friends at home. Captain Ferrier, I drink the health of his lordship. Major, Professor, McAndrew"—he bowed to each in turn in his kindly and courtly way—"to you and to yours, here and at home, I wish a happy New Year."

"It will be a strange New Year to us," he went on, "without our child. Virginie will go, I suppose, by this next mail; we send her to the keeping of good hands; we trust—that is, we hope—that we shall have her back among us in a year or two, when she has shaken off the rustic ways of Palmiste and learned the talk of Mayfair. But we are not afraid. Our Virginie will not forget her old friends; and, for hostage, we keep Madame Ferrier with us."

Virginie, who sat on her guardian's left, seized his hand and kissed it, with tears.

"As for you, Professor," went on the old planter, "it's a disgraceful thing that you can't stay with us. You've got enough to live upon—what does a book-man want more? You know the foolishness of fighting; here is a haven of rest; and you must needs go back to wrangle-wrangle among the literary men of London. For shame, sir; for shame! Haven't we been kind to you?"

From all voices, except the two officers, there came a chorus:

"Haven't we been kind enough to you, Professor?"

"Hech, mon!" This was the expostulation of Sandy McAndrew. He felt at the moment that, after the many hundreds of sherry-and-bitters, cups of cold tea, brandy-and-sodas, and vermouths taken by the Professor in the room over his office, it was ungrateful in him to go. There needed no words.

"Come with me, Virginie," said Tom, when he could get speech of her. She went out with him into the night, looking like a white ghost upon the dark lawn.

"I want to say something to you, dear," said Tom, "before you go. May I say it to-night?"

"Yes, Tom. Say what you please, and all you please."

"It is this, Virginie. You are going to leave us. That is quite right. You have rich friends in England whom you ought to see. I always thought that you would go some day. And you are rich yourself. My dear, we have been so much together, all day long together, for all these years, that we are almost like brother and sister, are we not?"

"Go on, Tom," she said, with a quick perception, almost a pang at her heart, that they were not brother and sister.

"I am not clever at books," he continued. "The Professor is, but I am not. And I don't know how to talk about things, like your cousin. I am only a Creole, a son of the soil, a sugar-planter. But, Virginie, I want you to believe one thing."

"I will believe anything, Tom, that you tell me to believe."

"It is a very simple thing. It is only that I love you—"

"But I know you do, Tom."

"And that I shall always love you, whatever you do. I mean—because, of course, whatever you do will be right and good, and the best thing that ever any girl did—that even if I hear that you have accepted some man in England, some clever man or some great man, I shall go on loving you all the same. I am what I am, Virginie; but, whatever happens, good or bad, you will remember, will you not—oh! my dear—that here, at Mon Désir, there is one man who loves you always?"

"Oh! Tom," she said, bursting into tears. "Why must I go to England at all? Yes; you all love me; you are all too good to me. And I wish it was over, and I was back again, and all was going on just the same as before."

This can never be. One of the most cruel things that Time, who is always dragging and tearing something from us, does is that he will never let pleasant ways remain or renew themselves. He is always destroying. He tramps on, always a lusty youth, whose companion, as in Watts's picture, is pale Death, and beneath his feet as they go the flowers are trampled down and their grace and perfume lost. There may be—there should be always to the end—other flowers before us, but they are not the same.

And at Mon Désir this is the last of the old New Year days when Virginie, the sweet and innocent child, would be there to meet and greet them with her smile and her pretty soft caressing ways.

"She must go, Tom," said his father that night, "with her affections free."

"Yes, sir," he replied; "I have told her to-night that I shall always love her; I thought I ought to tell her that before she goes. But she will go with her affections quite free, as you say."

"Humph!" That was all Captain Kemyss said. What he thought was—What will Mrs. Hallowes say if Virginie tells her?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR YOUNG HEARTS ONLY.

Oft in the Winter of our lives
 We mourn the Spring's departed hours,
And think what joy 'twould be if Age
 As well as Youth could find her flowers;
But much I doubt were Spring to give
 Some of her blossoms to December,
That they would seem as fair and sweet
 As those we lovingly remember.

For violets blue and daisies white
 In frost and cold would surely shiver,
And purple iris flags soon droop
 If waving o'er a frozen river;
And so 'tis better as it is—
 For young hearts only are Spring's pleasures;
We old ones, faith, must be content
 To know that once we shared her treasures.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The results of a street duel in Lano, Texas, in which sixty shots were fired, and one man killed, one fatally wounded, and three dangerously hurt, are deprecated by a newspaper printed not far away. "Only five shots out of sixty took effect," it says; "this is not a good record of marksmanship for Texas."

A Mr. Bickel has been designated as the man to whom Mr. Keely is to impart the secret of his motor, so that it may not be lost in the event of the inventor's death, and Mr. Keely has announced that the transfer of information will occupy a year. Some of the stockholders have been longer than that trying to learn all about the motor, and they would now be glad to sell what they have learned for less money than it cost them, making no charge for their time.

Apropos of Mr. Nast's cartoon on the sixteenth page, the following circular, which has been sent to the principal employés of the government of the United States, will be read with interest:

"Civil Service Reform Association, 4 Pine Street,
New York, *June* 17, 1882.

"Dear Sir,—We understand that a circular has recently been sent to you from the Republican Congressional Committee, asking for contributions toward defraying the expenses of that committee at the coming election.

"We desire to inform you that, in the opinion of counsel, as the members of the committee are officers of the United States government, you, as an office-holder, are liable, under Section 6 of Chapter 287 of the United States Statutes, 1876 (supplement to Revised Statutes, p. 245), to punishment by fine or removal from office, or both, in case you subscribe as requested. The National Civil Service Reform League proposes to bring the matter to the attention of the Attorney-General and other prosecuting officers of the United States, and until their decision is given, we should advise you prudently to refrain from complying with the request of the committee."

What is known among yachtsmen as the "cutter craze" is likely to be in some degree checked by the splendid performance of the new centre-board schooner yacht *Montauk* in the recent sailing match of the New York Yacht Club. The *Montauk's* model was whittled out with apparent disregard for "scientific principles." It was generally acknowledged that she would be a sea-worthy and comfortable craft to sail in; but the question of speed was little discussed while speaking of the new-comer. She entered the match a not very conspicuous contestant, and came out with unprecedented honors, having made the fastest time ever recorded over the club's course, won the prize for her class, and taken the Bennett Cup. The course had been considerably lengthened since last season's matches were sailed. The *Montauk* appeared to be as good a boat when running free as when close-hauled, and her further performances will be watched with interest.

An Iowa lawyer was fined twenty dollars for contempt of court, with the alternative of going to jail for twenty days. His legal brethren raised that amount for him, which he pocketed, and went to jail, saying, "I haven't had twenty dollars in my pocket before for twenty years, and I shall keep it there, with your kind permission."

Not long ago a circus visited Springfield, Massachusetts, on the day on which a Sunday-school Convention and a pugilistic event also came off in that city. It was easy, the *Republican* intimates, to distinguish the strangers who came to attend the Convention from those who were there to witness the boxing match; but both types were fully represented in the crowd under the circus tent.

The saddest part of the story of the lost *Jeannette* is that which tells how De Long and the men with him died. A frozen hand of the leader, sticking out of the snow as though raised up in appeal for aid, told the searchers where three of the bodies lay. In the pockets of all were pieces of burned skin cut from their furs, of which they had been eating. Starving, freezing, and almost exhausted, it seems that they had kindled small fires, and then actually crawled into the flame in the hope of warming themselves. Such experiences are almost too terrible to be told; but if the story will serve to deter men from encountering like perils under equally unfavorable conditions, it should not remain untold.

Boston society intelligence from Chicago is to the effect that every woman of the first-mentioned city who thinks she can write a book will go to the Isles of Shoals this summer, and sit all day on the rocks, getting inspiration and freckles simultaneously.

Figurative expressions that originate near the borders of civilization are often expressive. Thus when a young man comes to town, gets very drunk, and starts out with a desire to fight, he is described as wanting to "paint the town red."

A noteworthy hail-storm is reported from Dubuque, Iowa. The hail-stones were not, so far as the report shows, "about the size of hens' eggs."

It is a new journal of the great Southwest that apologizes to its appreciative readers for being obliged to register itself at the post-office as second-class mail matter.

Because of the character of the Washington city government and the share that Congress has in the control of affairs within the city, it is said to be impossible to put up a lamp-post or a street pump without a conflict between the Federal and municipal authority. To this situation the increasing splendors of the City of Magnificent Distances are said to be attributable. "The determination of both parties to 'stick' each other as deeply in the matter of improvements as can be done," says a writer, "has made Washington the most beautiful of cities." In this general statement, however, no mention is made of the rare facilities afforded under a sort of two-headed government for getting contracts to do showy work at enormously profitable rates.

A correspondent of a Southern paper, writing from Washington, says that the Republicans in the Senate and House are better dressed than the Democrats, and have better-kept beards. Another distinguishing feature is that they "look as though they had from two to five dollars in change in their vest pockets."

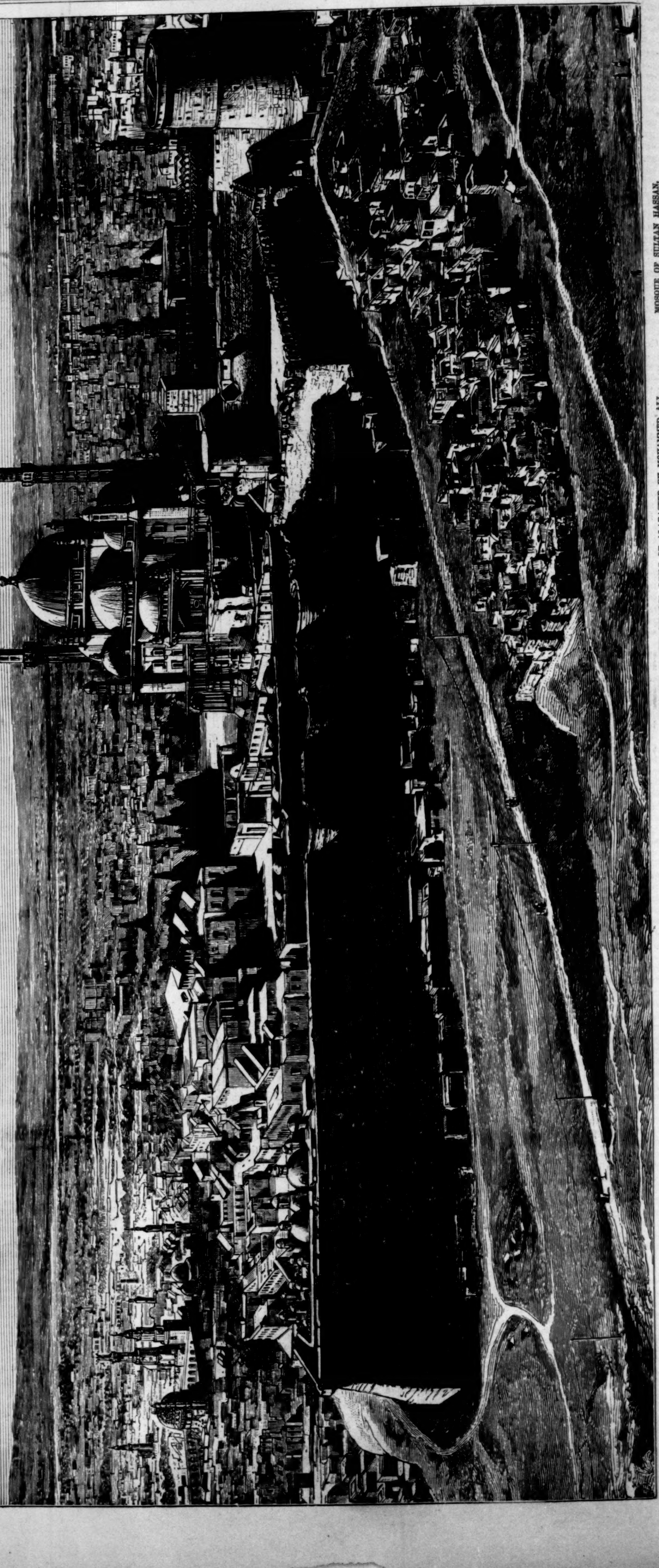
The Greenback party in Iowa has nominated Mr. Door for Governor, and thus hope is awakened that at least one prominent Greenbacker is susceptible of being shut up.

Texas Siftings tells of a colored man who was sentenced to prison for thirty days. "Thirty days!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Look heah, boss, you gib me thirty days las' winter for de same 'fense, when de days was a heap shorter dan dey is now. Ain't yer gwine to 'low de usual discount on account ob de signs in de zodiackle?" The Court saw the force of the argument, and the sentence was amended to twenty days' imprisonment.

An expert in swimming has recently made two attempts to swim across the East River in the raceway between the New York and Brooklyn shores with his ankles pinioned and his wrists tied at his back. Knowing that a man's body will float in water if he will be content without striving to keep it partly suspended in air, he takes no thought as to how he shall keep from sinking, but devotes himself wholly to the task of making headway across the swift currents. This he strives to accomplish by a fin-like motion of his hands from the wrist joint, and by a use of his bound feet which is described as being like that of a dog-fish's tail. In neither attempt did he succeed in reaching the opposite shore and winning the wager, but on both occasions he seemed likely to be successful, until an exceptionally swift tidal current was encountered. Few persons, even among those who count themselves good swimmers, will care to attempt utilizing his experience in swimming thus fettered, but his performance serves as a lesson of self-confidence to weak swimmers as well as to the strong.

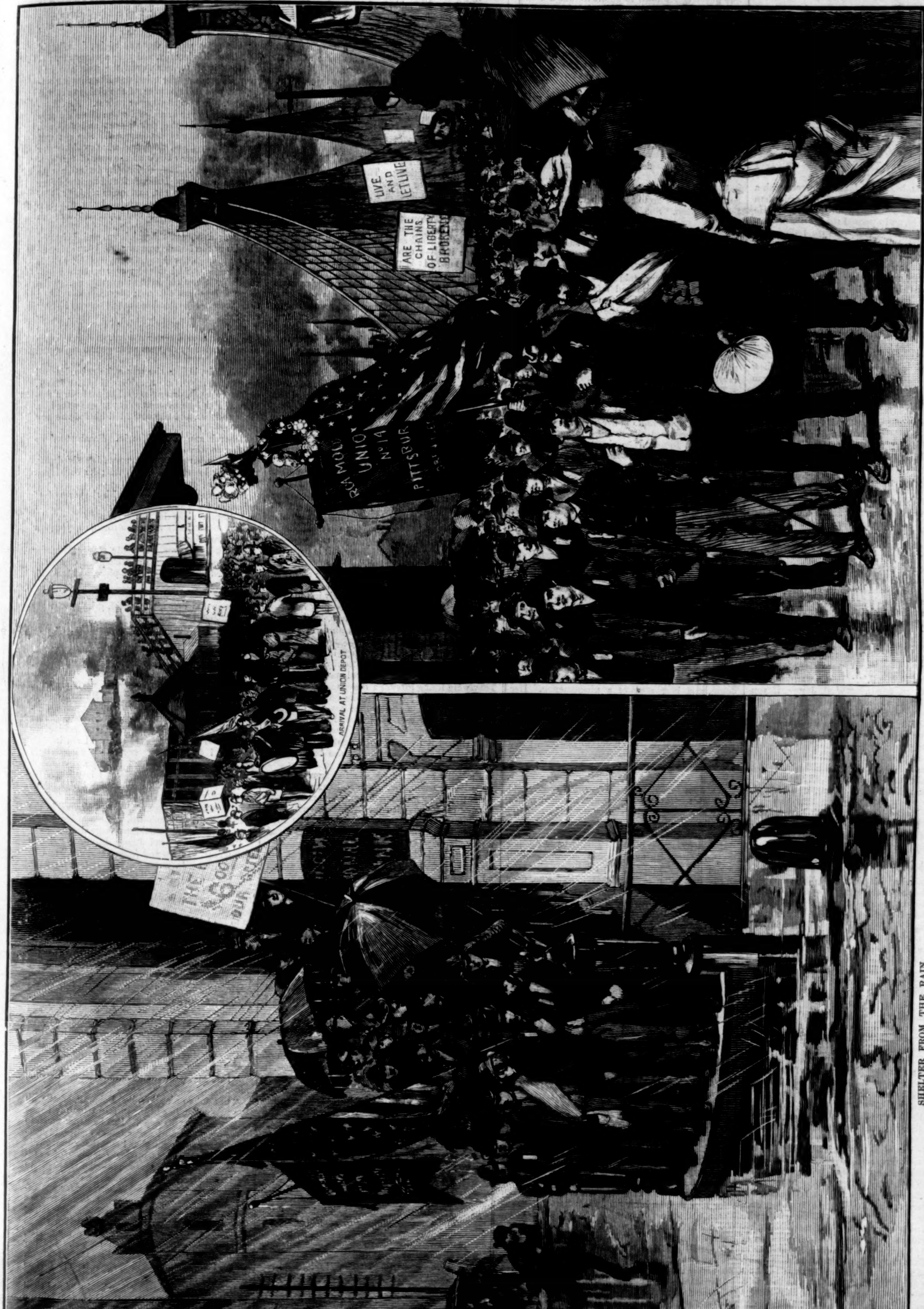
ARABI PASHA.

THE KHEDIVE.



CITADEL AND PALACE. MOSQUE OF THE CITADEL, BUILT OF ALABASTER BY MOHAMMED ALI. MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT—VIEW OF CAIRO.—[See Page 413.]



SHELTER FROM THE RAIN.

THE PROCESSION PASSING OVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE FROM ALLEGHANY.

THE GREAT STRIKE—INCIDENTS OF THE GRAND PARADE AT PITTSBURGH.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 413.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Mansell began his bibulous career with a redeeming quality more common in Russia than in England—good-natured in his cups. He chuckled feebly, and opposed the inertia of matter only, whilst the dismayed wife pulled him and pushed him, and at last got him down on the little sofa in the shop parlor. Then she whipped off his neck-tie, and washed his face in diluted lavender water, and put her salts to his nose. Being now on his back, he soon went to sleep and breathed sonorously, whilst she sat in her father's arm-chair and watched him bitterly and sadly.

At first his hard breathing alarmed her, and she sat waiting to avert apoplexy.

But toward morning sleep overcame her. Then daylight coming in with a shoot awakened her, and she looked round on the scene. The room in disorder, her husband sleeping off his liquor, she in her father's arm-chair, not the connubial bed.

Her first thought was, "Oh, if father could see us now this Sabbath morn!" She got up sadly, and lighted fires; then went upstairs, washed and dressed the little girl, and made her lisp a prayer. Then, not choosing the daughter to see the father in his present condition, she went down and waked him, and made him wash his face and tidy himself. He asked for brandy, she looked him in the face, and said, "No, not one drop." But he was ill and coaxed her. She gave him a table-spoonful, and then ground some coffee and gave him a cup hot and strong.

She was not a hasty woman, she showed him a face grave and sad, but she did not tell him her mind. So then he opened the subject himself.

"This will be a warning to me."

"I hope so," said she, gravely.

"Can't think how I came to be overcome like that."

"By putting yourself in the way of it. If you had been helping me at the shop, that needed your help, it would have been better for you, and for me too."

"Well, I will after this. It is a warning."

She began to relent. "Well, James, if you take it to heart, I will not be too hard, for where is the sense of nagging at a man when he owns his fault? But, oh, James, I am so mortified! Who do you think brought you home?" He tried to remember, but could not. "Well, one of them was the last man in Liverpool I would have to see you let yourself down so. It was Joe Pinder."

"I never noticed him. What, was he tight too?"

"No; if he had been, I wouldn't have minded so much. He was sober, and you were—"

The man did not seize the woman's sentiment. He said, carelessly: "Oh, 'twas he brought me safe home, was it? He is not half a bad sort, then."

Sarah stared at this plain straightforward view of her old lover's conduct. She had a greater desire to be just than most women have, but she labored under feminine disabilities. She was silent, and weighed Mansell's view of the matter, but came back to her own. "I do hope," said she, "you will never be so overtook again—think of your child—but if you are, oh! pray don't come home on that man's arm. I'd crawl home on all fours sooner if I was you."

"All right," said he, vaguely. Then she took this opportunity to beg him to go to church with her that morning. Hitherto he had always declined, but now he consented almost eagerly. He clutched at a composition. He said, "Sally, them that sin must suffer." The fact is, he expected to hear his conduct denounced from the pulpit. Catch the pulpit doing anything of the kind! The pulpit is not practical, and meddles little with immorality as it is, and rarely gives ten consecutive minutes to that particular vice, which overruns the land. James Mansell sat under a drizzle of thin generalities, and came home complacent.

His wife was pleased with him, and still more when he took her and Lucy for a walk in the evening, and they carried the child by turns.

After this the man kept within bounds; he soaked, but could always walk home. To be sure, he began to diffuse moderate inebriety over the whole week. This caused the good wife great distress of mind, and led to practical results that alarmed the mother and the woman of business. Mansell was still the first grainer in the place, and the tradesmen would have employed him by preference if he could have been relied on to finish his jobs. But he was so uncertain: he would go to dinner, and stop at a public-house; would appoint an hour to commence, and be at a public-house. He tired out one good customer after another. The joint income declined in consequence, and, as generally happens, their expenses increased, for Mrs. Mansell, getting no help from her husband, was obliged to take a servant.

Often in the evening she would close her shop early, leave her child under strict charge of the girl, and go to some public-house, and there coax and remonstrate, and get him away at last.

With all this, she was as true as steel to him. She never was known to admit he was a drunkard. The most she would acknowledge to angry tradesmen, and that somewhat haughtily, was that he took a drop now and then to put away the smell of the paint.

But in private she was not so easy. She expostulated, she remonstrated, she reproached, and sometimes she lost heart, and wept bitterly at his behavior.

All this had its effect. The invectives galled Mr. Mansell's vanity; the tears bored him; the total made him sullen, and alienated his affection. The injured party forgave freely; not so the wrong-doer. As he never hit her—which is a vent—this gracious person began to hate her. But her love remained as invincible as his vice.

Deborah's husband died suddenly of apoplexy. Sarah dared not go to comfort her, and would not tell the reason. She begged the mourner to come to her.

Deborah came, and the sisters rocked together, country fashion, crying; though such different characters, they had a true affection for each other.

By-and-by Deborah told her, with another burst of grief, her husband had left her nothing but debt. She was next door to a beggar.

"Not while I live," was the quiet reply. "Stay with me for good, that is all." The servant was discharged at Deborah's request: she said she must work hard or die of grief. Accordingly she went about crying, but working, and all the steel things began to shine and the brass to glitter, because there was a bereaved widow in the house.

This was a great comfort in every way to Sarah; she could leave the house with more confidence when her beloved had to be dragged away from liquid ruin, and also it did her good to sympathize with her bereaved sister. She forbore at that time to tell Deborah her own trouble; and this trait indicates, I think, the depth of her character.

As for Deborah, she soon cried herself out, and one afternoon Sarah heard her laughing with the baker's man, laughing from the chest, as young ladies are ordered to sing (but forbidden by Sir Corset), and an octave lower than she had ever spoken upstairs since she came.

Sarah was surprised, and almost shocked at first. But she said to herself, "Poor Deb, she is as light-hearted as ever; and why should she break her heart for him? *he* wouldn't for her."

By-and-by Deborah used to leave the house when her work was done, if Sarah staid at home. She could not read, so she must walk and she must talk. She had not read a single book this five years; but her powers of conversation were developed. She had sold country produce in two markets weekly, and picked up plenty of country proverbs and market chaff.

She soon took to visiting all her old acquaintances in the place, and talked nineteen to the dozen, and here observe a phenomenon. Her whole vocabulary was about nine hundred words, whereas you and I know ten thousand and more, yet she would ring a triple bob major on that small vocabulary, and talk learned us to a standstill. As her talk was all gossip, she soon knew more about the Mansells than they knew themselves, and heard that Mansell drank and lived upon his wife.

This gave her honest concern. Now she held the clew to Sarah's absences and frequent return with her husband in charge and inarticulate. She did not blurt it out to her sister, nor was she angry at her want of confidence. She knew Sarah's character, and rather admired her for not exposing her man to any human creature. Still, when she did know it, she threw out so many hints one after another that Sarah, who, poor soul, yearned for sympathy, made at last a partial disclosure, with many a sigh.

Deborah made light of it, and hoped it was only for a time, and after all Sarah was glad she knew, for Deborah's tongue was not in reality so loose as it was fluent. She could chatter without any appearance of reserve, and yet be as close as wax. She brought home to Sarah all she heard, but she never told anything out of the house.

One day she said to Sarah, "Do you know a man called Varney—Dick Varney?" Sarah said she had never heard his name.

"Then," said Deborah, "you ought to know him."

"Why?"

"Because when you know your enemy you can look out for him, and he is your enemy after a manner; for 'tis he that leads your husband astray, so that young man said."

"What young man?"

"I think his name is Spencer, and somebody called him Joe; he was a good-looking chap anyway. I suppose he was a friend of Jemmy Mansell's. Somebody did praise you for a good daughter and a good wife, but one that had made a bad bargain; then that was the signal for each to have a fling at Jemmy Mansell. Never you mind what *they* said. This handsome chap stood up for him, and said the man was a first-rate workman, and meant no harm, but he had got a tempter, this Dick Varney. So then I told the young chap who I was, and he seemed quite pleased like, and said he had heard of me. Of course what he said I stood by; I said there couldn't be a better husband or a better man—bar drink—than James Mansell."

Sarah thanked her, but said, "Oh! that we should come to be talked of!"

"Everybody *is*, within walls," said Deborah, "and them that listens learns. By the same token you keep your eye on that Varney."

"How can I? I don't know him."

"No more you do, and what a stupid I must be not to ask that good-looking chap more about him. I wonder who he is; I will ask James."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Describe him to me."

"Well, he is tall and broad-shouldered, and has light hair, and dark gray eyes like jewels, and teeth as white as milk, and a gentle, pleasant way; looks a bit sad, he does, as if he had been crossed in love, but that is not likely—no woman would be such a fool that had eyes in her head. Then he was very clean and neat, like a man that respected hisself, and lowered his voice a bit to speak to a woman. There's a duck!"

Sarah looked a little surprised at this ardent description. However, she reflected, and, I suppose, she thought there must be some truth in it, though it had not struck her. Then she said, carelessly, "What was his business?"

"I think he was in the same way as James himself."

"Was his name Pinder?—Joseph Pinder?"

"That, or something. The name was new to me, but Joseph for certain."

"Well, if it is Joseph Pinder, I will ask you not to make acquaintance with *him*. You seem to be making acquaintances very fast for a woman in your condition."

"My condition," said Deborah. "Why, that is where it is—I can't bear to think. I must work or talk. It is very unkind of you to cast my condition in my teeth."

"I didn't mean to, Deb. There, forgive me."

"With all my heart—you have got your own trouble. Only give me a reason why am I not to speak to this Joseph—such an outlandish name, this—handsome Joe."

"Well, then, one reason is, he courted me after a fashion."

"Oh, la! Is that where the shoe pinches?"

"We used to walk together like two children till my man came; then they quarrelled, and that Pinder beat him, and I can't forgive it, and the first night James was quite overtaken with liquor, Pinder brought him home, and it was like a knife in my heart."

"Poor Sally! you saw you had chosen the wrong one."

"Chosen the wrong one!" cried Sarah, contemptuously. "I wouldn't give my James's little finger, drunk or sober, for a thousand Joseph Pinders. There, it is no use talking to you. You don't understand a word I say. Anyway, I do beg of you not to make acquaintance with the man, nor let him know what passes in this house."

"Why, of course not, Sally, if you say the word. What is the man to me? Your will is my pleasure, and your word my law."

This, from an elder sister, merited an embrace, and it received a very tender one.

At last it came to this, that nobody in the town who knew James Mansell would employ him.

Instead of contributing his share, he lived entirely on his wife, at home and abroad; and he lived ill. So the house was divided against itself. The husband, the bread-winner in theory, was doing all he could to ruin the family; two brave women were fighting tooth and nail to save it. They were losing ground a little, and that alarmed Sarah terribly, but then she had a reserve: sixty pounds hidden in an iron box, with a good key. She never told her husband of this. She hid it for his good. The box was a small one, but she had it fastened with strong iron clamps to the wall, and she kept salables before it to hide it.

Mansell's extravagance she fed from the till, not without comments, grave and sorrowful, not bitter; yet they imbittered him. The man's vanity was prodigious; it equalled his demerit.

Whilst the brave wife and mother was thus battling with undeserved adversity, she received a new alarm.

Being single-handed in the shop, it was her way to prepare, with Deborah's assistance, weighed and marked packets of sugar, tea, soda, and other things; and one evening they had taken a lump of Irish butter out of the tub and weighed five pounds, and left it on a slab. Early in the morning a customer came for a pound. This was weighed off, and left so small a residue that Mrs. Mansell weighed it, and found there was only one pound and a half left.

She could hardly believe her senses at first, but the weight was clear. She asked Deborah, with assumed carelessness, how much butter they had weighed out last night. Deborah replied, without hesitation, "Five pounds."

After that day she looked more closely into the stock, and she detected losses and diminutions. One day a slice off a side of bacon; another, a tin of preserved meat; in short, a system of pilfering. She shrank from the idea of theft, if it could be accounted for in any other way. She thought it just possible, though not likely, that Deborah had made free with these things for the use of the house. She told her what she had discovered, and asked her as delicately as possible whether she ever came to the shop for anything that was wanted in her kitchen.

Deborah went off like a woman of gunpowder, cross-examined by a torch. "Me take anything out of your shop for my kitchen!"

"Well, 'tis my kitchen and all—'twould only be from Peter to Paul."

The other was not to be pacified so. "Me take what does not belong to me! Oh, have I lived to be suspected by my own sister? I'd cut off this arm sooner than I would steal with this hand. I never wronged a creature of a farthing or a farthing's worth in all my life. Send me home. Send me to the work-house. I am not fit to be trusted, and so many things about. Oh! oh! oh! oh!" and down she sat and rocked.

"There! there! there!" cried Sarah, coming swiftly and sitting beside her. "Now where would have been the harm if you had taken things for our own use? And oughtn't I to ask you before I suspected something worse? Oh, Deborah, haven't I trouble enough that you must cry and set me off too? Oh! oh! You might think a little of *me* as well as yourself. Is it nothing to you that I am robbed and all? Haven't I trouble enough without that? There, give over—that's a dear, and I'll give you a new print this very day."

Deborah dried up directly and, her sentiments shifted like the wind. "I wish I had them that rob you," said she, and she extended her great, long, powerful arm formidably.

"We must watch day and night, dear," said Mrs. Mansell, gloomily, and with a weary air, and she took it all to heart, even the pain she had given Deborah, whose mind was like running water, and retained no trace of the dialogue in ten minutes. Not so the deeper nature. Mrs. Mansell brooded over it all, and when the shop was shut, she sat in the parlor—sat and suffered. James Mansell was out as usual. She sat and looked at Lucy, and wondered what would be her own fate and her child's at the end of this desperate struggle. She became hysterical, a rare thing with her, and Deborah found her trembling all over where she sat, and quite shaken. She was despondent and exasperated by turns. She had twitches all over her body, and hot tears ran out of her eyes.

It was a woman's breakdown, and Deborah, who knew the female constitution, just sat beside her and held her hand. Sarah clung to this hand, and clutched at it every now and then convulsively. She spoke in broken sentences. "Too many things against me; drunkenness here; theft there. It will end in the work-house! How else can it end? I'm glad father's dead. Poor father! Have I lived to say that?" The talkative Deborah said never a word, so Sarah began to calm down by degrees with gentle sighs and tremors.

Unluckily, before she was quite calm, Mansell knocked at the door. Sarah could tell his knock, or his footstep, or any sound he made in a moment. Her face beamed. It was early for him. He was sober, and she could tell him of this new trouble.

Deborah ran to let him in. Sarah stood up smiling to welcome him.

He blundered into the room, beastly drunk, neckcloth loose, eyes blood-shot; he could just keep on his legs.

Sarah caught up her child with the strength of a lioness, flung one full and fiery look of horror and disgust right in her husband's face, then rushed majestically from the room, carrying her child across her arms.

Drunk as he was, the brute staggered under this tremendous glance and eloquent rush. He blundered against the mantel-piece, and hung his head.

Deborah set her arms akimbo. "You've done this once too often," she said, grimly, and her eyes glittered at him wickedly.

"Mind your own business," said he. "Why did she run away from me like that?"

"Because of the child, you may be sure. There, don't let us quarrel. Will you have your supper, now you are here?"

"I don't want my supper; I want my wife. You go and fetch her directly." He was excited, and Deborah, determined to keep the peace, took his message to Sarah in Lucy's bedroom.

Sarah was shaking all over, and refused to come. "I dare not," said she. "I am in such a state I feel I might say or do something I should rue afterward, for I love him. Would to God I had never seen him, but I love him. Go you and pacify him. I shall sleep here beside my child."

Deborah went down, and found Mansell in the arm-chair, looking spiteful. She told him Sarah was not well. She could not come down.

"Humbug!" roared James Mansell; "she is shamming. I'll go and fetch her down," and he bounced up. Deborah whipped before the door. "Stand out of my way," said he, loftily, and came blundering at her. She pinned him directly by the collar with both hands, shook him to and fro as a dog does a rat, then put both hands suddenly to his breast, made a grand rush forward with him, and with the double power of her loins and her great long arms, shot him all across the room into the arm-chair with such an impetus that the chair went crashing against the wall, and the man in it head down, feet up.

Mr. Mansell stared dumfoundered at first. He thought some supernatural power had disposed of him. He did not allow for suddenness, and was not aware that pulling and pushing go by weight, and that strapping Deborah, without an ounce of fat, weighed two stone more than he did, owing to certain laws of construction not worth particularizing *à la française*.

"I never lay my hand on a woman," said he, moodily.

"I'm not so nice," replied Deborah, erect, with her fists upon her hips. "I can lay my hands on a man—for his good. I've had that much to do afore now, and I never found one could master me, bar hitting, which I call that cowardly."

Then, as time was up for a change of sentiment—eighty whole seconds—she shifted to friendly advice.

"Jemmy, my man," said she, "women are curious creatures. They are not themselves at times. Our Sally has got the nerves. She might fling a knife at you if you tormented her just now, sobbing over her child. Take my advice, now, that is a friend to both of you. Let her a-be. If you don't upset her no more to-night, which I declare *you sha'n't*, she'll be as sweet as honey in the morning."

"She may," said Mansell, sullenly, "but I shall not. If she lies away from me to-night, I'll lie away from her a year or more, mind that."

"Where? In the union?"

"No. That is as much as to say she keeps me."

"And doesn't she? Where does the money come from you spend in drink?"

"I have got an offer of work."

"Work? It isn't under your skin."

"Not here, but this is in America. Such work

as mine is paid out there, and I can make my fortune, and not have it flung in my face I'm living on a woman."

Deborah did not think this gasconade worth replying to. She suggested repose as the best thing for him after the hard work he had gone through, lifting mugs and quarterns all the way from the counter to his teeth. With much trouble she got him up the stairs, and took off his neckcloth and loosened his shirt collar. Then she retired for a reasonable time, and when he was in bed came and took away the candle from him as she would from a child. He called to her.

"Hear my last word."

"No such luck," said she, dryly.

"Hold your tongue."

"If I hold my tongue I shall slobber my teeth."

"Can you listen a moment?"

"If I hold my breath."

"Then mind this. If she leaves me like this, I'll leave *her*. I won't be taken up and put down by any woman."

"I'll tell her, my man," said she, to quiet him; then took away his candle, and went down-stairs to her own room, for she slept on the kitchen floor. She seized a feather-bed, lugged it up the stairs, and made up a bed on the floor for Sarah. "He is all right," said she, and not a word more. Then she went down-stairs, and put her red hair in curl-papers—for she was flirting all round (No. 1 had been dead six months)—and slept like a stone upon a hard mattress, not harder than her own healthy limbs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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AS THE WIND BLOWS.

The wind blows north, the wind blows south,
The wind blows east and west:
No matter how the free wind blow,
Some ship will find it best;
Some one out on the wide, wide sea
Shouts with a happy air,
"Ho! shipmates, ho! set all the sails,
The wind is blowing fair!"

One ship sails out into the east,
Another to the west;
One has to struggle fierce and hard,
By winds and waves oppressed—
Under bare masts, tossed to and fro,
By rain and salt spray wet—
The other flies before the gale
With all her white sails set.

"O Wind, O Wind, why dost thou blow,
And out to ocean roar,
When I would steer my little bark
Toward some pleasant shore?
What honor will it be to thee
If down beneath the wave
My simple craft and I shall find
A cold, forgotten grave?"

"O foolish one, why wilt thou steer
Against the mighty gale?
There are ten thousand ships afloat
Besides thy tiny sail.
If thou would float o'er pleasant seas,
Oppose my will no more;
When I blow shoreward, then do thou
Sail also to the shore.

"Yet if thy will with mine must strive,
Do then the best thou can;
Against my might set all thy skill,
And fight me like a man.
Stand by the wheel, steer steadily,
Keep watch above, below:
Such hearts will make the ports they seek,
No matter what winds blow."

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KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "ORLEY FARM," "THE WARDEN," "IS HE POPENJOY?" "MARION FAY," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY GRANT.

It is literally true that the tongue will itch with a desire to tell a secret. Miss Altifiorla's tongue did itch. But upon the whole she endured her suffering, and kept her promise. She did not say a word in Mr. Western's hearing which led to Sir Francis Geraldine as a topic of conversation. But in reward for this she exacted from Mrs. Western an undertaking to keep her at Durton Lodge for a fortnight. The bargain was not exactly struck in those words, but it was so made that Mrs. Western understood how great was the price she paid, and how valuable the article which she received in return. "A fortnight!" Mr. Western said, when his wife told him of the promise she had made. "I thought that three days would have been too much for you."

"Three hours are too much—as interrupting our happiness. But as she is here, and as we have been very intimate for many years, and as she herself has named the time, I have not liked to contradict her."

"So be it. She will interfere much more with you than with me, and I suppose that the coming will not be frequently repeated."

Two days after this another guest proposed to visit them. But this was only for two nights, and her coming had in fact been expected from a period before the marriage. Lady Grant was Mr. Western's younger sister, and the person of whom in all the world he seemed to think the most. Indeed, he had assured his wife that next to herself she was the nearest and the dearest to him. She was a widow, and went but little into society. According to his account, she was clever, agreeable, and beautiful. She lived altogether in Scotland, where her time was devoted to her children, and was now coming up to England chiefly with the purpose of seeing her brother's wife. She was to be at Durton Lodge now only for a couple of nights, and then to return and remain with the understood purpose of taking them with her back to Scotland. Of Lady Grant Cecilia had become much afraid, as thinking it more than probable that her secret might be known. But it seemed that as yet Lady Grant knew nothing of it. She corresponded frequently with her brother, and, as far as Cecilia could tell, the subject had not yet been mentioned between them. Could it be possible that all this time the secret was known to her husband and to her husband's sister? If so, his silence to her was almost cruel.

Up to the morning of her coming, Miss Altifiorla had certainly kept her promise. She had kept her promise, though there had been twenty little openings as to which it would have been so easy for her to lead the way to the matter as to which her tongue longed to be speaking. When any mention was made of baronets, either married or unmarried, of former lovers, of broken vows, or of second engagements, Miss Altifiorla would look with a meaning glance at her hostess. But of these glances Cecilia would apparently take no heed. She had soon got to know that Miss Altifiorla's promise would be kept, unless she were led by some other person into an indirect breach of it. Cecilia's life during the period was one of great agony. But still she endured it without allowing her husband to perceive that it was so.

Now, on the coming of Lady Grant, what steps should she take? Should she ask her friend to be silent also to this second person, or should she presume the promise to be so extended? She could not bring herself to make a second request. The task of doing so was too ponderous. Miss Altifiorla's manner of receiving the request made it such a burden that she could not submit herself to it. The woman looked at her and spoke to her in a manner which she was obliged to endure without seeming to endure aught that was unnatural. She looked back to her own struggles during that evening in the bedroom, and could see the woman as she sat struggling, in her pale pink dressing-gown, to escape from the necessity of promising. She could not have another such scene as that. But she thought that perhaps with one added word the promise might be made to suffice.

When they were alone altogether Miss Altifiorla would constantly refer to the Geraldine affair. This was to be expected and to be endured. There would come an end to the fortnight, and the woman would be gone. "Do you think that Lady Grant knows?" she said, in the whisper that had become usual to her on such occasions.

"I am sure she knows nothing about it," said Cecilia.

"How can you be sure? You do not know her, and have never seen her. It will be very odd if she has not heard."

"At any rate, nothing need be said to her in this house. No hint need be made to her either by you or me."

"I think she must have heard it. I happen to know that she has a great correspondence. Laws! when you think of who Sir Francis is, and of the manner in which he lives, it is almost impossible to conceive that a person should not have heard of it."

"We need not tell her."

"You are quite safe with me. I have given you my word, and that ought to be enough. Nobody could have been more studious to avoid the matter—though indeed it has sometimes been difficult. And then there has been my feeling of doubt whether my duty ought not to make me divulge it." There was something in this which was peculiarly painful to Cecilia. The duty of this woman to her husband, to him whom she loved so truly, to him with whom it was in the very core of her heart to have everything in common! Francesca Altifiorla to speak of her duty to him! But even this had to be borne. "Indeed, I feel every day that I am staying here that I am sacrificing duty to friendship." Oh, into what trouble had she fallen without any sin of her own, as she told herself—without, at least, any great sin. When was the moment at which she ought to have told the story? She thought that she could remember the exact moment: when he had come back to her for her answer at the end of that week. And then she had not told him, simply from her dislike to repeat back to him the story which she had heard from himself.

Lady Grant came, and nothing could be sweeter or more gracious than the meeting. Miss Altifiorla was not there, and the two ladies, in the presence of the husband and brother, received each other with that quick intimacy and immediate loving friendship which it is given only to women to entertain. Lady Grant was ten years the senior, and a widow, and had that air of living through the evening of her life, instead of still enjoying the morning, which is peculiar to widows who have loved their husbands. She was very lovely, even in her mitigated widow's weeds, with a tall figure, and oval pale face, rather thin, but not meagre or attenuated. And Cecilia thought that she saw in her a determination to love her, and she on her side at once determined that she would return Lady Grant's affection. But not for that reason was her secret to be known. She looked on Lady Grant as one whom she would so willingly have made her friend in all things, but still as one whom, as to that single matter, she could not but regard as her enemy.

They sat together for a couple of hours before dinner, and then at night there was another sitting, from which Miss Altifiorla was again banished. And there were some joking questions asked and answers given as to Miss Altifiorla's presence. There was a something in the manner and gait of Lady Grant which made Cecilia almost ashamed of her Exeter friend. It was not that Miss Altifiorla was ignorant, or unladylike, or ill-dressed; but that she knew her friend too well. Miss Altifiorla was little and mean, whereas Cecilia was ready to accept her sister-in-law as great and noble. Miss Altifiorla was not therefore spoken of in the highest terms, and the mode of her coming to Durton Lodge without an invitation was subjected to some little ridicule.

But Mrs. Western when she went to her room was comforted at any rate in thinking that Lady Grant did not know her secret. How poor must have been her state of comfort may be judged from the fact that this could add to it. On the following morning they met at breakfast, and all went well. But Lady Grant could not but notice that the young lady from Devnoshire seemed to exercise an authority incommensurate with the tone in which she had been described. The day passed by happily enough, and Cecilia was strong in hope that Lady Grant might take her departure without a reference to her one subject of sorrow.

That night, however, her comfort, such as it was, was brought to an end. As they were sitting together in Lady Grant's bedroom, Cecilia's ears were suddenly wounded by the mention of the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. In her immediate agony she could hardly tell how it occurred, but she was rapidly asked a question as to her former engagement. In the asking of it there was nothing rough, nothing unkind, nothing intended to wound, nothing to show a feeling that it should not be so: but the question had been asked. There was the fact that Lady Grant knew the whole story.

But there was the fact also that her husband did not know it, or else that other fact, which she would have given the world to know to be a fact, that he knew it, and had willingly held his peace respecting it, even to his sister. If that could be so, then she could be happy; if that could be so—if she could know that it was so—then could she afford to despise Miss Altifiorla and her tyranny. But though the word had been not yet a moment uttered, she could not at first remember how it had been said. There was simply the knowledge that the name of Sir Francis Geraldine had been used, and that it had been declared that she had been engaged to him. Up to this moment she had been very brave, and very powerful too, over herself. Up to this she had never betrayed herself. But now her courage gave way, the color came to her cheeks and forehead and neck, and then passed rapidly away, and she betrayed herself. "Does not he know it?" asked Lady Grant. As she said the words, she put out her hand and pressed Cecilia's in her own, and the tone of her voice was loving and friendly and sisterly. Though there was reproach in it, it was not half so bitter as that which Cecilia was constantly addressing to herself. The reproach was in her ears, and not in Lady Grant's voice. But the words were repeated before Cecilia could answer them. "Does not he know it?"

All her hope was thus abolished. Almost from the moment of Lady Grant's coming into the house she had taught herself to think that he must know it. It was impossible that the two should be ignorant, and impossible also, as she thought, that the sister should know it and that he should not. But all that was now at an end. It was necessary that she should answer her sister's question, and yet so difficult to find words in which to do so. She attempted to speak, but the word would not come. Even the one word "No" would not form itself on her lips. She fell upon her knees, and burying her face in Lady Grant's lap, thus told her secret.

"He has never heard of it?" again asked Lady Grant. "Oh, my dear! that should not have been so—must not be so."

"If I could tell you! If I could tell you!"

"Tell me what? I am sure there is nothing for you to tell which you need blush to speak."

"No, no. Nothing, nothing."

"Then why should he not know? Why should he not have known? Cecilia, you will tell him to-night before he goes to his rest?"

"No, no. Not to-night. It is impossible. I must wait till that woman has gone."

"Miss Altifiorla knows it?"

"Oh yes."

"She knows, too, that he does not know it?" This question Cecilia answered only by some sign. "I fancied that it might be so. I thought that there was something between you which had been kept from him. Why, why have you been—shall I say so foolish?"

"Yes—yes—yes; foolish—oh yes! But it has been only that. There is nothing, nothing that is not known to all the world. The marvel is that he should not have known it. It was in all the newspapers. But he never thinks of trifles such as that."

"But why did you keep it from him?"

"Shall I tell you? You know the story of his own engagement."

"To Miss Tremenhere? Oh yes, I know the story."

"And how badly she behaved to him, receiving the attention of another man, absolutely while she was engaged to him."

"She was very pretty, but a flighty, inconstant little girl. I felt that George had had a great escape."

"But such was the story. Well, he told it me. He told it before he had thought of me. We were together, and had become intimate; and out of the full heart the mouth speaks."

"I can understand that he should have told it you."

"He did not think of loving me then. Well, he told me his story, but I kept mine to myself."

"That was natural—then."

"But when he came to me with the other story, and asked me to love him, was I to give him back his own tale, and tell him the same thing of myself? I too have had a lover, and I have—jilted him, if you please to call it so. Was I to tell him that?"

"It would hardly have been true, I think."

"It would have been true—true to the letter," said Cecilia, determined that Sir Francis Geraldine's lie should not prevail at this moment. "I had done to Sir Francis just what the girl had done to your brother. I was guided by other motives, and had, I think, behaved properly. Was I to tell it to him then?"

"Why not?"

"His own story back again? I could not do it, and then, after that, from time to time, the occasions have gone by. Words have been said by him which have made it impossible. Twenty times I have determined to do it, and twenty times the opportunity has been lost. I was obliged to tell this woman not to mention it in his presence."

"He must know it."

"I wish he did."

"He is a man who will not bear to be kept in the dark on such a question."

"I know it. I have read his character, and I know it."

"You can not know him as I do," said Lady Grant. "Though you are his wife, you have not been so long enough to know him; how true he is, how affectionate, how honest, but yet how jealous! Were I to say that he is unforgiving, I should belie him. Without many thoughts, he could forgive the man who had robbed him of his fortune or his health. But it is hard for him to forgive that which he considers to be an offense against his self-love."

"I know it all."

"The longer he is kept in the dark, the deeper will be the wound. Of such a man it is impossible to say what he suspects. He will not think that you have loved him the less, or that you are less true to him; but there will be something that will rankle, and which he will not endeavor to define. He is the noblest man on earth, and the most generous—till he be offended. But then he is the most bitter."

"You describe his character just as I have read it."

"If it be so, you must be careful that he learn this from yourself, and not from others. If it come from you, he will be angry that it has come so late. But his anger will pass by, and he will forgive you. But if he hear it from the world at large, if it be told of you and not by you, then I can understand that his wrath should be very great."

"Why has he not heard it already?" asked Mrs. Western, after a pause. "Why has he not been like all the world who have read it in the newspapers? It was talked of so much that it was hardly necessary that I should tell it myself."

"You yourself have said that he does not think of trifles. Paragraphs about the loves and marriages of other people he would never read. You may be sure at any rate of this—that your engagement with Sir Francis Geraldine he has never read."

"I have sometimes hoped," said Mrs. Western, "that he knew it all." Lady Grant shook her head. "I have sometimes thought that he knew it all, and regarded it as a matter on which nothing need be said between us. Should I have been angry with him had he not told me of Miss Tremenhere?"

"Do you measure the one thing by the other?" said Lady Grant—"a man's desires by a woman's, a man's sense of honor by what a woman is supposed to feel? Though a man keep such secrets deep in his bosom through long years of married life, the woman is not supposed to be injured. She may know, or may not know, and may hear the tale at any period of her married life, and no harm will follow. But a man expects to see every thought in the breast of the woman to whose love he trusts, as though it were all written there for him in the clear light, but written in letters which no one else shall read."

"I have nothing that he may not read," said Mrs. Western.

"But there is something that he has not read, something that he has not been invited to read. Let it not remain so. Tell it to him all, even though you may have to support his anger, and for a time to pine in the shadow of his displeasure."

Mrs. Western, as she went away to her own room, felt some relief, at any rate, in the conviction that with Lady Grant her secret would be safe. Strong as was the bond which bound her to her brother, there would be on her tongue no itching desire to tell the secret simply because it was there to be told. She had not threatened, or spoken of her duty, or boasted of her friendship, but had simply given her advice in the strongest language which it was within her power to use. On the next morning she took her leave, and started on her journey without showing even by a glance that she was possessed of any secret.

"Does she know?" asked Miss Altifiorla, as soon as the two were in the drawing-room together, using a kind of whisper which had now become habitual to her.

It may almost be said that Mrs. Western had come to hate her friend. She looked forward to the time of her going as a liberation from misery. Miss Altifiorla's intrusion at Durton Lodge was altogether unpalatable to her. She certainly no longer loved her friend, and knew well that her friend knew that it was so. But still she could not risk the open enmity of one who knew her secret. And she was bound to answer the question that was asked her. "Yes, she does know it."

"And what does she say?"

"It matters not what she says. My request to you is that you should not speak of it."

"But to yourself."

"No, not to myself or to any other person here." Then she was silent, and Miss Altifiorla, pursing up her lips, bethought herself whether the demands made upon her friendship were not too heavy. But there still remained five days of the visit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARADE OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC IN BALTIMORE—THE DURYEE ZOUAVES HEADING THE LINE.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 403.]

THE PITTSBURGH DEMONSTRATION.

The "great strike," as it is very naturally called by the newspapers, has been firmly maintained up to the present time in the iron manufacturing region of Pennsylvania. In various scattered districts in that State and in the neighboring State of Ohio some attempts have been made by several mills to go on with their work by employing unskilled hands, with a few men brought in from other States or from abroad; but there has been but little success in this direction, and the contest continues, with no apparent sign of yielding on either side. One peculiar feature of the strike has been a "demonstration" at Pittsburgh by the strikers and the various trade organizations sympathizing with them. This took place on Saturday, June 17. The form of the demonstration was a procession by the various trade societies of the city, and others brought from the immediate neighborhood, and to some extent from Ohio and West Virginia. From fifteen to twenty thousand men took part in the procession, of whom some six thousand were from the town, and the remainder from other places. A large number of bands were employed—one account says one hundred and fifty, another fifty. The officers in charge of the demonstration were mounted; a considerable portion of those in the line wore a simple uniform, generally indicative of their occupation, and the utmost good order prevailed both in the ranks and throughout the sympathizing crowd which filled the streets. The procession moved with punctuality at the announced time, and the arrangements were evidently carefully made, and carried out with much skill and attention.

Several facts must strike any observer of this demonstration, or one who compares the various accounts of it. One—and the most important—is the degree to which it showed that the various trades-unions have combined among each other, and have joined in the more or less efficient central organization known as the "Knights of Labor." Very many of the unions, which have heretofore been recognized only by their individual title, were announced in the programme of the demonstration as branches of the "Knights of Labor," and it was in the hands of the officers and committees of this organization that all the details of the procession were placed. The regularity, promptness, and good order with which these were attended to show clearly enough not only that these officers are men of more than ordinary energy and capacity, but that they have under their control a well-developed organization, intelligently devised and faithfully carried out—a fact which is very significant when it is remembered that the class to which the members belong are necessarily those to whom this form of association is neither familiar nor easy, either in conception or in practice. It would be premature to infer that this central organization is fitted to bring about the very serious purpose which it is reported to have undertaken, viz., to regulate strikes both as to their initiation and their support by the common decision and common resources of all, but it is very certain that it shows some strong and unexpected qualities for that task.

Another feature of the Pittsburgh demonstration worthy of note is that it was not only orderly but good-natured. The men seemed in a quiet and determined but by no means desperate mood. They appeared confident of success in their immediate undertaking—though it may be a mistaken confidence—and had not the air of men likely to be driven to extremes, as indeed they have not been so far. Still another incident was the appearance in the procession of a number of colored working-men, and even of several separate organizations of that class. That a sense of common interest should have been able to overcome the "rooted hate and loathing" which race prejudice has long maintained among the ordinary working-men of the North against negroes is another evidence of the strength of the sentiment now spreading through all the laboring classes. Much might be said regarding the probable ultimate outcome of the movement of which the Pittsburgh demonstration is the latest expression; but however we may regard the future, it would be very foolish to ignore the extent and unprecedented vigor of that movement.

BISMARCK PUTTING IT IN HIS PIPE TO SMOKE.

N. B.—After moving Heaven (Church) and Earth (State) to pass the Tobacco Monopoly Bill, it was defeated by a vote of 276 to 43.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.

The crisis in Egypt still continues, and although a Conference of the great European powers was to meet at Constantinople on the 22d of June, it is impossible to predict what may be the outcome of its deliberations. The phase which the Eastern question is now assuming on the banks of the Nile is a very remarkable one. For the first time since the invasion of Cambyses, the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" is heard, and the man who represents this national movement seems at this present moment the master of the situation, defying alike his sovereign the Khedive, his suzerain the Sultan, and the power of France and England. The two Western powers, the chief holders of Egyptian bonds, have for some time had the entire control of the Egyptian finances, and the taxes which under the late Khedive were largely distributed among his courtiers and soldiers have been devoted to paying the interest on the debt. In certain stages of civil society regular taxation enforced with European strictness is more oppressive than the spasmodic extortion of the East, and the French and English "control" has undoubtedly made still harder the hard lot of the Egyptian peasant. At the same time the Khedive's treasury ceased to be a gold mine for the hangers-on of the court, and the pay of the army was in arrears.

The first sign of the coming storm was the march of Arabi Bey to the palace, demanding a change of ministry and the dismissal of the "controllers." The next step was his appointment as Minister of War, with the command of the entire army. The Khedive became instantly a prisoner in his own palace. The arrival of French and English ships in the roadstead of Alexandria was answered by the erection of fortifications round the town. Mussulman fanaticism was aroused, and on Sunday the 11th a massacre of the Europeans in Alexandria took place, causing the death of nearly four hundred people. Since that fatal day Egypt has seen a new exodus. Men are abandoning their homes, their stores, their banks, and fleeing by thousands. There were not ships enough to carry off the fugitives. The extent to which disorder has spread must be attributed to the imbecile vacillation of the English and French governments. Both of these powers, especially England, have millions of Mohammedan subjects. Neither of them wishes to offend Mohammedan pride by boldly occupying the country, and the French have, till a few days ago, opposed the idea of Turkish intervention. That the Sultan will interfere seems the only possible solution; and whether he does so as the suzerain of the tributary Khedive, or as the mandatory of the European Conference, it will be almost impossible to displace him hereafter. The Sultan Abd-ul Hamid, in fact, has won the first trick in the great game he is playing. He is a man of a different stamp from the tyrants and debauchees whom the house of Othman has for so long a time produced. The young man with the Armenian face, who now calls himself Sultan and Caliph, has all the astuteness of a Greek in forming his plans, and all the impenetrable secrecy of an Oriental in executing them. An example of his style of acting was seen in the way in which he got rid of Midhat Pasha, the man who raised him to the throne.

It is therefore not an improbable conjecture that the Sultan has really been the instigator of Arabi Bey in his hostility to the Western powers. In all speculations as to the future, another new factor must be considered. Europe has not only to face the national pride of Egypt, but is confronted with the new-born doctrine of Pan-Islamism. Abd-ul Hamid has to a great extent succeeded in being known in the East rather as the Commander of the Faithful than as the Sultan of the Turks, and it is perhaps in the former character that he has reduced the Sublime Porte and his authorized ministers to insignificance, and transacts all the business of the empire in person. The Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, is a lazy, good-natured man, without any firmness of character, and as he is not the legal successor of Ismail, according to Mohammedan law, he may be displaced like his predecessor, who is now dwelling on the shores of the Bay of Naples.

Under whatever name the Sultan interferes, his intervention will be regarded in the East as the exercise of sovereign rights, and the presence of Turkish troops in Cairo will raise to fever heat the fanaticism of all the North African tribes, who have so reluctantly seen the ascendency of France, and give a strong impetus to that Pan-Islamist propaganda of which Abd-ul Hamid is the head.

THE BLUE GROTTO.

The Blue Grotto of Capri is a sight frequently neglected by visitors to Naples. Not only does it require good courage and steady nerves, but he who undertakes it must be willing to lie down flat on his back in the most abominable sort of row-boat, take several shower-baths of salt-water in this position, and submit to a tossing from the waves and a banging against rocks that suggest the most horrible kind of shipwreck.

There is a steamer which leaves Naples every morning shortly after breakfast-time to convey excursionists to Capri. Landing at Sorrento, and adding to the party there, she makes for the southern coast of the island, and passing the village of Capri, goes on to the Blue Grotto. Shortly before reaching the spot, there is a sale of tickets. The passage on the steamer does not include the visit to the grotto, and the visitor must provide himself with a small billet, as it is called, to present to the boatman. The latter, however, is very indifferent to it, for the privilege of showing the grotto has been wrested from the fishers of Capri, and the greater part of the sum given by the traveller goes to swell the purse of the steamboat company. This fact in reality adds to the difficulties and torments involved in seeing the grotto about one-half.

No sooner has the steamer come to a stand-still than she is surrounded by six to ten small boats, each commanded by a boatman ragged, picturesque, and eager to secure the first detachment of passengers. Only three are allowed to a boat. The attempt of a fourth to enter is greeted by shouts of "Basta! basta!" (enough). No sooner are the three persons seated in the boat than a long harangue is begun by the boatman on the subject of "macaroni." He is anxious to explain, and does so at full length, that the money paid to the steamboat company is all very well, but he must have something for his macaroni. The macaroni of Italy is the *pourboire* of France. It is a tax levied upon the traveller by everything in the shape of a cabman, a porter, a boatman, or a servant that he comes in contact with. The demands of the Neapolitan or Capri fisherman are louder, shriller, more incessant and unappeasable, than those of the begging confraternity in any other walk of life.

The shrieks for coppers wherewith to purchase the macaroni are continued until a peremptory order is given to the traveller to lie down. He is then at the entrance of the grotto, which appears like nothing but a small opening in the rock against which the waves dash, nearly closing it in their upward swell. It is, in fact, only upon certain days when the sea is smooth that the grotto can be entered. With his mind for the time diverted from the matter nearest his heart, the boatman watches the wave as it rises and falls, and then, having seized what he thinks is a favorable moment, gives his boat a push. With a wild swaying movement it mounts the swell, and is carried through the narrow archway into the grotto. It must be said in favor of these men that they are careful, trustworthy fellows. Oth-

erwise serious accidents might occur. On one occasion a boatman who had miscalculated the movement of the wave brought his boat into it at a wrong moment, with the result that it was caught between the rock and the sea, and the lives of the party considerably endangered.

The entrance to this wonderful cave is scarcely three feet in height. The length of the grotto, once it has been entered, is nearly two hundred feet, with a width perhaps half as great. Its roof is a great natural dome, supported by what seem like arches. The atmosphere within is one of gleaming silvery light. The water is blue, not with the opaque blueness of the sea, but with a transparent azure like that of the sky. The effect of the blue refraction of the light on every object is indescribable, and at first completely dazzles the sight. Objects placed beneath the water assume a beautiful appearance, half that of silver, half that of blue steel. The most peculiar effect of all is produced by a boatman who for a trifling sum, if it is all that is offered, and a larger one if he can persuade visitors to give it, will plunge into the water, and, rising, show himself clad in armor of delicate silvery blue, like the scales of some rare fishes.

The Blue Grotto undoubtedly has a history if it could only be ascertained. Near the middle, to the right, is a kind of landing-place leading to a passage with broken steps, but which is closed at the upper end. This was once probably an approach from land, and was perhaps connected with the villa of the Roman Emperor Tiberius at Damecuta, near by. In all probability the grotto was made the shrine of some god, whose priests officiated before it with the blue light falling on their magnificent garments. During the Middle Ages the grotto was unknown, though it was undoubtedly familiar to the ancients, else whence the landing and the steps? It was only rediscovered in 1822 by some Neapolitan fishermen, since when it has been visited by travellers from all parts of the world. Distressing as the entrance is, and calculated to deter all but courageous visitors, it is a sight that more than repays the annoyance and discomfort that it costs.

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THE USE OF AMMONIA IN BAKING POWDERS.

ITS IMPORTANCE AS A CULINARY AGENT.

[*Scientific American.*]

The recent discoveries in science and chemistry are fast revolutionizing our daily domestic economies. Old methods are giving way to the light of modern investigation, and the habits and methods of our fathers and mothers are stepping down and out, to be succeeded by the new ideas, with marvellous rapidity. In no department of science, however, have more rapid strides been made than in its relations to the preparation and preservation of human food. Scientists, having discovered how to traverse space, furnish heat, and beat time itself by the application of natural forces, and to do a hundred other things promotive of the comfort and happiness of humankind, are naturally turning their attention to the development of other agencies and powers that shall add to the years during which man may enjoy the blessings set before him.

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